



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General

THE reform cyclone is hitting New York with a frequency which is making Tammany feel sick, for it is demonstrating that the mass of public opinion is organizing against grab and graft. On former occasions when anything remedial required to be done the best elements of the Democratic and Republican parties formed a fusion ticket and sometimes succeeded in carrying their point. This time the Democracy worked with Tammany, the Republicans ran their own show. Prosecuting Attorney Jerome ran independently, and the Municipal League, a new force in New York politics, had Editor Hearst at their head and municipal ownership on their banner. With all these divisions of forces one would have thought that Tammany would have won easily, but it had a close shave, and on the recount it is not impossible that McClellan, the Democratic candidate for Mayor, will be found to have been beaten and Hearst elected. Mayor Weaver swept Philadelphia on his appeal for re-election, and in a Republican stronghold taught the bosses to sit up. In Cincinnati the reform movement succeeded in a Republican city. Last year it will be remembered that in Chicago a government ownership and reform movement was successful, and not long ago in St. Louis a batch of aldermanic bribers were sent to prison. All over the United States, excepting San Francisco, the wave of municipal reform has either swept over the cities and states or beaten fiercely against the doors of the bosses' strongholds. In the majority of cases the reform wave has consisted entirely of a desire for good municipal government and has been unaccompanied by distinct temperance or moral movements. Of course good city government means the restraint of vicious classes, but hitherto the mistake has been made of forcing the moral and temperance movements ahead of the proper management of the city itself. If a city be badly managed, badly manned, and have had laws, it seems to me entirely useless to push forward a crusade to force people to be good with machinery which is itself bad. This time the attention has been paid to the civic machinery, its methods and the meaning of those who run it. The cause of the wave can probably be stated as cumulative—arising from the terrible exposures of crookedness in huge concerns, corruption amongst officials large and small, and a general feeling that during good times stealing and malfeasance of office have been carried to their limit.

A reform wave is needed in Canada; from recent developments in civic and other circles the crook-killer will find considerable business for his club in Toronto. However, this country is ripening fast for a harvest of investigations, which will probably be carried on in a much milder manner than those in New York which have been attracting the eyes of the world. Our trouble seems to be that when people get excited and desire investigations the machinery of the law, which is not elective, fails to respond with alacrity, and by the time the investigation is begun the thing is half-forgotten and before it is ended it is generally declared to be a nuisance and a bore. Still, such a harvest is ripening of grafters, bribe-takers, bribe-givers, lobbyists and political birds of prey that it cannot be reaped with a sickle, but will have to be mowed down with the whole machinery of the law, which will be propelled by the people whether officialdom is willing or not.

TALKING about crooked business, this city has probably never seen anything quite as brazen, greedy and illegitimate as the combination of the Master Plumbers and the dealers in plumbers' supplies. The revelations with regard to the manner in which the plumbers have been holding up the citizens and the city itself have made each individual householder feel that he has been robbed. All city people nowadays, except those who live in what can be considered little better than shacks, have plumbing in their houses, for the repair or renewal of which they have to pay. When such a combine as the Master Plumbers' is discovered, every citizen who has paid tribute to that ring of extortionists feels a burning desire to have the severest possible punishment inflicted upon the offenders. It is doubtful if the Master Plumbers have exacted but a fraction of the tribute which financial magnates have extorted by offering stock speculations to the public, manipulating them and shearing their victims of a fleece a hundred times more valuable than the wool that was shorn by the plumbers' shears. All kinds of combinations are in existence to make people pay more than things are worth, but unlike the Master Plumbers' combine these concerns do not all pinch rich and poor alike, nor show themselves so plainly to be unjust and lawless in their workings. It is a good thing for the people of Toronto to get a touch of this hot iron; it will make them appreciate their wrongs in other respects. In the present instance, however, the authorities may as well understand that the people expect and demand the most rigorous prosecution and that the punishment shall be handed out without fear or favor. Other combines had better get their houses in order, for once the people get camping on the trail of offenders of this sort they are apt to be warlike—the Toronto Electric Light Company, is an instance!

THE best friends of Hon. A. B. Aylesworth can take no pride in the speeches he is making in North York. If he had used such arguments in court—and we may be sure that he did not—as he is using to the electorate of Sir William Mulock's old constituency, he would certainly not have been entrusted with important briefs. From the *Globe's* report of his speech at Aurora I clip the following paragraph:

"What would you do," asked Mr. Aylesworth, "in a township Council where there were three Protestants and two Catholics? Do you think it would tend to peaceful and harmonious relations between man and man if the three were to say to the two, 'You shall have no rights; you shall be put down with an iron heel, and you shall be treated as you might expect men to be treated in the despotism of Russia?' Why, surely, there is but one gospel to be preached in such matters. Surely these are circumstances which call for toleration and for liberalty, and, speaking to members of the great Liberal party of Canada, I can appeal with confidence to that spirit of British fair play and toleration which will say 'Give to two-fifths of the people equal rights with the three-fifths who are in the majority.' (Loud cheers.)

Could demagoguery and misleading illustration be carried further than the above? If in a township council there were three Protestants and two Catholics, and the Protestants per-

mitted the two Catholics to build separate culverts and bridges for themselves and their co-religionists to pass over; if they voted money to heighten the line fences between the farms of Catholics and Protestants; if they favored the building of separate poorhouses for the two classes; if, in fact, the township council permitted the minority to conduct itself as if it were a different and favored section of the community, does anybody imagine that the three Protestants would ever be returned to their petty office? It would be a poor plea for three such subservient non-Catholics to go to the people of the township and say that they granted all these privileges for the sake of harmony and in the "spirit of British fair play and toleration." That such an expression aroused loud cheers is to believe that the audience was well judged by Hon. Mr. Aylesworth as capable of taking in as wisdom any rhetorical rubbish he might offer them. It is really exasperating to hear a man who knows so much better crying out, "Give to two-fifths of the people equal rights with the three-fifths who are in the majority." It is the business of Ministers of the Crown and of legislators to treat all the people as a unit and give them all the same rights. Who in Canada is asking that the Roman Catholics shall receive worse treatment than the non-Catholics? The whole business of equal rights consists of the two-fifths and the three-

so small a section of the population giving its representative into the Cabinet, but we may be sure that a noisy representative will make trouble. All that is expected of Hon. Dr. Reaume is silence, and blame little that.

M. R. OCTAVIUS C. BEALE of Sydney, Australia, president of the Federal Council of the Chamber of Manufacturers of Australia, was in Toronto this week as commissioner from the Commonwealth in which he resides. He is seeking information as to the best method of handling the drug problem as it presents itself to the people of his country, and comes as a member of the Royal Commission on the decline of the birth rate and the great mortality amongst children. In an interview published with him he told the reporter that one of the greatest causes of the decline in the birth rate was the use of deleterious drugs which are advertised in the daily papers. Oddly enough, the paper publishing the interview is one of the chief sinners along that line in Toronto—a paper never known to refuse an ad. if it complied with the statutes and was accompanied by the price. Nevertheless, it published the interview under a scare heading and made it a feature of its front page. However, Mr. Beale gave some good advice with regard to the consumption of drug compounds by people who are ignorant of the formula

Of the latter one of the speakers estimated that there were at least 900 in this province, and surely these need protection as well as the community needs protection from their progeny. The ladies might very well have added to their petition—and it is to be hoped they will do so yet—a plea for the prohibition of the sale of deleterious drugs under fancy medical names. Indeed, the German system might be well adopted, forcing the manufacturers to place the formula of their compounds on the labels.

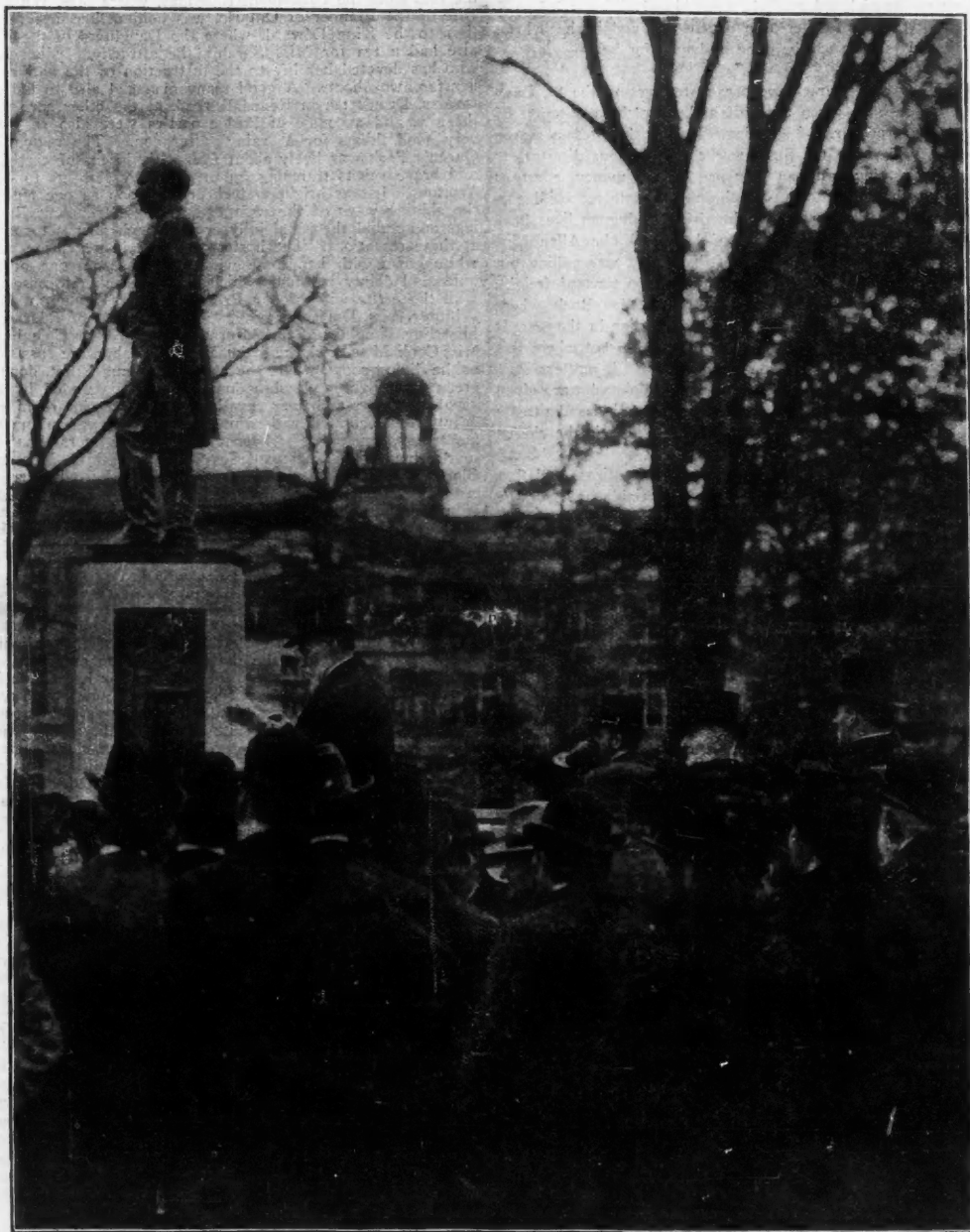
To seek to bring about reforms such as the National Council of Women appear to desire is certainly much more sensible than the efforts of the W. C. T. U., who, overlooking all the evil things that are happening to their own sex, and to babies both born and unborn, grow wildly excited over the sale of liquor and cigarettes. The unrestricted sale of liquor is bad; the unrestricted consumption of it is worse; the smoking and inhaling of cigarettes is damaging but can only be prevented by education, for if tobacco is not sold as cigarettes it will always be sold in some shape, and a boy or man is very lacking in skill if he cannot make a cigarette for himself. Our foods are being adulterated and drugged; medicines are freely offered which contain a very large per cent. of very poor alcohol, are advertised freely, can be bought in every drug store, and are much more liable to form the liquor habit in the innocent people consuming them than liquor shops are to make drunkards of innocent men. SATURDAY NIGHT has been almost alone amongst Canadian papers in editorially keeping before the public the facts with regard to race suicide, the dangers of adulterated food and liquor, and the perils of permitting alcohol under the name of medicines to be sold to innocent people. A programme is now offered to the W. C. T. U. by their sister women of the National Council, which, if they adopt it instead of wasting their energies trying to reform mere men, can be made productive of great good.

THE Conservatives of Ward Four, in association assembled last Monday night, seemed disposed to trim the municipal whiskers of Alderman Coatsworth, who appeared at the meeting to speak a few kindly words of himself with regard to his candidature for the mayoralty. The evening papers quote the meeting as greeting him with a storm of protests such as "He doesn't belong in this ward!" "Not much!" "We don't want any municipal politics here!" The burden of the song which he started to sing was set to the air, "We must have a change." "It is for the citizens of Toronto to say whether they want the government of the city carried on on Grit party lines." Alderman Coatsworth is starting in the mayoralty sprint a little earlier than usual; probably he will quit a little earlier.

IT seems like being taken to the rear in a wheelbarrow, away back to the time when mechanical appliances were first introduced, to hear of a strike right here in Toronto because of the introduction of machinery into a stonecutting yard. On Monday fifty-two stonecutters working in a yard at 1117 Yonge street refused to go to work unless a planer for smoothing the face of cut stone were removed from the premises. They denied, however, that they had broken a three years' agreement with their employers, though the latter allege that this is the case and reluctantly removed the planer and settled the matter till spring. In justice to the other labor unions it should be mentioned that the most prominent men amongst them regret that in these days of development there should have been a strike against the use of machinery, and are of the belief that all Labor can do in such a situation is to meet the issue squarely and in the end matters must adjust themselves.

When typesetting machines were introduced in printing offices, printers thought that their days were numbered and their craft ruined. Instead of that being the case, the number of newspapers has multiplied, they have vastly increased in size, and on the dailies it now takes as many additional men and more to set the advertisements as were required to set the reading matter. I recall the days when the railroad was built from Mexico City to the Rio Grande; the teamsters and stage drivers, the raisers of horses and mules, and in fact the whole community were in open rebellion, believing that the modern method of transportation would force them into idleness and starvation. They tore up the tracks and wrecked the trains, and finally numbers had to be taken out in squads and shot before the malevolence ceased. Cotton spinners, shoemakers, tailors, and the rest of the trades have gone through this spasm of fear with regard to machinery, except perhaps bricklayers, and it seems strange indeed that one of the highest-paid classes of artisans, the stonecutters, men ordinarily of unusual intelligence, should retain in the constitution of their union any such foolish provision against working in a yard with machines. If the price of stonecutting be reduced by the use of machinery more stone will be used in the construction of buildings and more men will ultimately be given work. The whole business, while a matter of surprise, is not one for jeers or ridicule. That which touches a man's earning capacity, whether it be the failure of his health or the transition of his trade into old channels by reason of machinery, strikes deep into the best as well as the worst part of him. No man can think of a needy old age for himself or something approaching to poverty for his family without being resentful as well as frightened. It is to be hoped, however, that that which perhaps strikes everyone but those concerned as evidence of preposterous ignorance will not again interrupt the building operations of the city.

IT comes a little awkward yet to speak of the King's Birthday, for after more than sixty years of the reign of Queen Victoria we have failed to realize that May has not the prerogative for royal birthdays. King Edward has proved himself so tactful in his relations to foreign powers, so mindful of his constitutional limitations and his social influence in relation to his own people, that when we were reminded last Thursday of how he is advancing in the sixties there was a general feeling that we should be pleased to celebrate the day well on into the eighties. An English writer has said that in England the King is the speaking law and the law is the silent king. As a spokesman King Edward has been just and affable, minding his own imperial business and keeping on excellent terms with other royalties, even his nephew, William the Lime-lighted. As a silent influence, it is difficult for the public to know how far his desire to preserve peace has affected national deliberations in such dis-



UNVEILING OF THE MOWAT STATUE AT QUEEN'S PARK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4.
Ex-Premier Ross is speaking and beside him are to be seen Lieutenant-Governor Mortimer Clark and Premier Whitney. The photographer has caught the latter in the act of making a characteristic gesture.

fifths being treated alike, given the same things, on the same terms and under the same circumstances. How would Hon. Mr. Aylesworth treat the two-fifths of Canada's population if they petitioned for a separate postoffice? Would he consider it an outrage on the "spirit of British fair play" to refuse them? He talks glibly of the Irish question; would he be willing to give them a separate parliament, separate custom houses, separate excise facilities? And yet secular education is just as much a thing common to the whole people as the postoffice itself. Anything that is added to the education required to make a good citizen in order to make a strong sectarian of a special brand is not only unfair, but unwise. When this sort of thing is forced on provinces newly made and who should have complete power over their educational affairs it is tyranny, and if Hon. Mr. Aylesworth "glories" in that sort of thing he is not the A. B. Aylesworth that his friends and admirers thought him to be.

HONORABLE DR. REAUME exaggerates the amount of good he can do the Whitney Government or himself by seizing every possible opportunity to extol the French language and the Society of St. Jean Baptiste. His latest utterance is in favor of teaching the French language in the Public schools, and in defence of his proposition he says that "the diplomatic and political language of the Dominion is a much French as English." The official documents are printed in both languages. And pity 'tis, 'tis true. This country should have but one official language, one flag, one patriotism, and it will never be on the road to national unity and greatness until this is the case. While Hon. Dr. Reaume can do no good by his expressed enthusiasm for the "Partie Nationale" he can do his party and his colleagues of the Government much harm. This province can barely tolerate

by which they are made, saying that necessarily the people are ignorant of the chemical properties of patent medicines, and are deceived by the glowing tales of cures. After remarking that these medicines "contain poisons without any remedial agents whatever," he added, "You very properly protect your industries against the exploitation of foreign capitalists, but what about protecting the lives of your women and children, who suffer most from these? It is very essential that we should do everything in our power to preserve the life we have. Some of the medicines sold in your drug stores here would, in Germany, result in the druggist and manufacturer being given seven years in the House of Correction. There is a patent medicine described as an infant's preservative which has been sold by the thousands of cases in Australia. It contains morphia and chloroform, two slow and rank poisons, and nothing at all to counteract the effect. Thousands of babies have been slaughtered yearly by it. We are seeking in Australia to make it impossible to put such medicines on sale. Germany leads the world in this respect, absolutely prohibiting the sale of such drugs under heavy penalties, and we are endeavoring to bring our laws up to the German standard."

In Canada there is no such agitation, though it would appear as if the National Council of Women were taking up much more sensible subjects than have hitherto employed the energies of organizations of women. Last week a deputation of this association waited on Premier Whitney asking that proper provisions be made for the care of the insane pending admission to asylums; for a law to compel relatives to contribute to the support of their aged and infirm poor; for the application of certain clauses of the shops act to offices, and for the establishment of an institution for the custodial care of feeble-minded women of child-bearing age.

cussion as arose after the blunder of the Russian fleet in the North Sea. He is no weakling, no figurehead, and if we were grateful to him for nothing else we should feel much obliged to the man who saves us the trials and turbulence of a presidential election, although, if the Empire were to hold one, King Edward would go in with such a majority that Mr. Henri Bourassa would hardly be mentioned as "also ran." Wherefore, from thankful democratic hearts we say God Save the King.

SEVERAL communications have reached me with regard to the edict of the local Board of License Commissioners that all "tied" houses—that is houses owned or controlled by brewers or liquor dealers—shall have their licenses cut off next season. There are evidently two sides to the effect and justice of this somewhat sweeping mandate. We can all quite well understand that "tied" houses are kept in the interests of the bar, the brewer or liquor dealer hoping for the greatest possible sale of his goods. This is a bad feature, but of course there are a great many people who think the whole liquor business inexcusable and unutterably bad. Probably it is, but it is here; and though drinking customs are noticeably diminishing, until at least a couple of generations pass away there will be a considerable thirst for strong drink which will be gratified either legitimately or illegitimately. "Tied" houses have been and are a part of the liquor business. Brewers especially have invested large sums in getting hold of places from which to sell their beer. If these "tied" houses are as well kept, comply as fully with the law and are managed by reputable people it would seem that they should have as fair a show to obtain a license as any others. With considerable bitterness one man asks me, "The brewers cannot be in the manufacturing and retail business both, why should License Commissioner Flavelle, who is the author of this decree, be in the abattoir-pork-packing and retail business both? The pork man who carries on a great abattoir has no more business to have shops all over town, thereby creating to a certain extent a monopoly, than the brewer has to have an arrangement with hotelkeepers to sell his beer." The cases are not exactly parallel, but there is sufficient likeness in the two things to suggest to the License Commissioners the unwisdom of going too fast in public opinion may not support them in the proposed sweeping changes. Public sentiment in Toronto is growing rapidly in favor of abolishing the bar, and I am not seeking to oppose any natural development of the tendency to rid the city and country of the traffic entirely. The greatest good that can be done is to let the sentiment grow of its own accord for the moment any hammering is started, or anything like coercion of the private citizens attempted, the whole movement will lose its force and a reaction will be bound to set in. Taking this view of the matter the decision of the Temperance organizations of Toronto to ask for a reduction of the number of licenses instead of local option, appears to be much the wiser course, though I feel that the plan for reducing the number of licenses is still crude and none too fair.

Nor would it appear that the prohibitionists are the only ones who sometimes lose their head in discussing preventive measures. Few things have done so much harm to the liquor trade in this city as the re-publication of an article from a liquor journal, calling on the hotelkeepers to sell everything possible over the bar in order to gather together money sufficient to fight the crusade for local option which is threatened throughout the province. The moment the public is led to believe that liquor sellers press their wet goods upon their customers and coax them to drink in order to swell their profits, a hundred thousand hands will seize the bell rope to ring the knell of the bar.

THE fact that the gentlemen composing the University Commission went to the trouble of asking Hon. Edward Blake for advice in the matter of shaking up the management of the University of Toronto, it is to be hoped does not give us a fair idea of what to expect in the way of practical results from the investigation in progress. Mr. Blake, in writing to regret his inability to be of service to the Commission, says: "I have, unfortunately, been for so many years disassociated from university concerns, that in order to fit myself for the expression of an opinion I should find it necessary to enter into a study not merely of the working of the present very complicated system, but also of the plans which have been framed for other modern universities. My health absolutely forbids any such effort, and, therefore, I regret to say I am incompetent to submit any suggestions to the Commission." These facts were well known to the Commission, and in applying for advice to Mr. Blake in the matter in hand they seem to have been merely marking time. Hon. Edward Blake is recognized as a distinguished Canadian, but he was never familiar with the spirit of the Canadian people, and moreover he has been long a non-resident of the country. The Commission might next arrange for a sance with the spirits of other former Chancellors with a view of securing live ideas on the subject of making the University an up-to-date institution.

JOSIE CARR'S sentence to seven years in penitentiary for killing the child she had kidnapped is a good example of the sound sense, excellent judgment and kindly heart of Mr. Justice MacMahon. The position in which judge is placed with so youthful and apparently so callous a female prisoner before him, must be exceedingly difficult. To have given her less would have seemed to have minimized the crime; to have given her more would have been worse than useless. If a period of incarceration is to do the young criminal any good seven years should be sufficient, for then she will return to the world a woman of twenty-one with her character formed, if it is ever to be formed, and liable to do all the good of which such a nature is capable. It is hard to look hopefully upon the career of a child murderer, after she has served seven years in penitentiary, has become a woman and is again free to ramble about the streets as Josie Carr was in the habit of doing. It is hard to believe that it was running about the streets that killed the maternal instinct in the girl and made her capable of killing a baby. It is easier to think of her as a degenerate, and if she belongs to that class little can be done or hoped for her.

THE frequent wrecks of ocean steamers in the St. Lawrence have given the gulf and river the reputation of being the graveyard of shipping. During the present season there have been in the St. Lawrence five serious disasters to ocean ships, involving an immense loss of money, a return to and perhaps an increase of the extortionate marine insurance rates by that route, and hundreds of human lives have been endangered. At the end of last week the Allan Line *Pavurian*, the third best vessel of that outfit, was pulling out from Quebec with 250 passengers and 9,000 tons of freight, when in the darkness she ran ashore on Wye Rock, where the *Leyland Line* *Virginian* ran aground earlier in the year. It is said the light of the buoy which marks the spot where this rock juts out into the channel was out. But it matters little whether the neglect be that of the unfit people who are given charge of the lights in the present instance; it is admittedly the fact that the Quebec Corporation of Pilots is the closest kind of a French-Canadian family compact—only pilots' sons, nephews and cousins being admitted as apprentices—and that the members of that outfit are almost invariably unfit for the task of guiding ocean vessels in and out of the river. There were a number of Scotch pilots on the river, but they were frozen out, and one needs but to enter the St. Lawrence on an ocean steamer and get the captain to tell what he thinks of the pilots, to get an idea of how Jean Baptiste is regarded as a marine guide. In many instances the captains would vastly prefer to keep their own ships in hand, but this is not allowed, and yet it is stated openly that not one English-speaking apprentice has been admitted into the Pilots' Corporation for many years. That this sort of pilotage is permitted to continue, one season of disaster succeeding another for many years, is not to the credit of the Dominion Government, which has or should have this matter in charge. It is but another instance of the racial graft which is being perpetuated in spite of all kinds of demonstrations of the mistakes that are being made. It was even forgotten in the case of the *Pavurian* that they had run on the rock at high tide—the officers were also to blame that they did not know enough to back off, even at a certain amount of risk to the ship, before the tide ran out and the splendid ship broke her back and went to pieces. Altogether the last disaster on the St. Lawrence should cause a thorough investigation, not only of the unwisdom of the officers, who conducted themselves most gallantly afterwards, but also of that incompetent outfit, the Corporation of Pilots.

THE *Globe* quotes a paragraph which appeared in the *World* two years ago, referring in glowing terms to Hon. A. B. Aylesworth as a man of fine political ideals, standing high in the estimation of the people of Canada, and one who would be a great acquisition to the Liberal party. This reference is contrasted with a speech made by Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., during the present campaign in North York, in which he speaks of Mr. Aylesworth as an enemy of the public whose political putting-away is urgently desired. The *Globe* then asks "what Mr. Aylesworth has done in the past two years to render himself unworthy of the high praise bestowed upon him by Mr. Maclean's newspaper." He has allied himself with a Government that has betrayed its trust to the people—a decadent, moribund outfit that will go sooner than is generally thought to the political how-ows. Little wonder it is that old-fashioned members of the party sigh in vain for any evidences of the divine afflatus that once characterized the Grit Bible! What has Mr. Aylesworth done! If the *Globe* makes a personal matter of it and really wants to know what Mr. Aylesworth has done the answer is easy. He has done, politically, nothing. No one is disputing Mr. Aylesworth's individual worth or ability to do things. That is not the question at issue. The point is, What has the Government, which he purposes to support, done? For one thing it has made the *Globe* dizzy trying to stay with it. Indeed the unfortunate old organ has thrown so many fits lately as a result of unnatural attempts to swallow itself that it can hardly be expected to know where it is at. It is not surprising that the *Globe*, prating of ethics one day and condoning expediency the next, sometimes gets so horribly confused that it can only look foolish and ask irrelevant questions.

THE *Manchester Courier* says: "Doubtless at the general election we shall have in this country a number of gentlemen from the colonies who will be employed on Liberal platforms and will claim to represent Colonial opinion. There are little Englishers, so there are little Australians and even little Canadians and specimens of these last will, no doubt, figure on Liberal platforms and British electors will do well to scrutinize their credentials and ask what body of opinion in the colonies they really represent." The *Courier* need not have been so bashful about suggesting that there are "little Canadians" for out here we all know that the woods are full of them, and politicians at that. The Liberal managers in England have only to write to the

chief stoker of the Liberal machine here and he will be able to provide them with a shipload of talkers willing to say anything they are told. The pay would be of small consequence so long as travelling expenses and board are provided, together with a promise that they shall be able to boast on returning home that they dined at least once with a duke and slept under the same roof with a lord. Certainly their credentials will need careful scrutiny, and on leaving, the pockets and baggage of some of them might receive some critical attention.

THE *Vancouver Daily Province*, referring to civic affairs in "Toronto the Good," says: "The municipal life of Toronto has always been immoral; her Mayors have always been weak, her Councils have always been corrupt. Indeed there is a remarkable similarity between Philadelphia and Toronto in more ways than one. Both lay strong claim to a high standard of morality among their citizens. Both are built on seemingly rigid puritanical lines and make an ostentatious display of religion in the building of many big churches. It has long been suspected, however, that with all their wealth in places of worship, the people are not as devoted to high ideals as many communities which are by no means so well off and which by reason of their poverty in this respect have suffered in reputation." It is good for us to have a brick thrown at our Pharisaism occasionally, for unfortunately there is considerable truth in what the *Province* says. There is a great deal of moral cowardice in Toronto, resulting largely from the fact that so many fussy people keep busy insisting that the town shall appear good instead of trying in some sensible way to make it good.

Social and Personal

Most of our hostesses are receiving on their usual "days" this month, and those who are still obliged to keep closed doors against visitors hope soon to be out of the hands of exasperatingly dilatory workmen and decorators.

On Tuesday smart people were obliged to rush about in the rain from the Parliament Buildings, where Mrs. Whitney, wife of the Premier of Ontario, was holding her first reception, to the King Edward, where the Daughters of the Empire had a tea for Miss Sorabji, the attractive Indian lady who has devoted her life to the instruction of the natives in her far away home. A good many managed also to look in at Mrs. Dean's tea in Edgemoor road, at the other corner of the city, and a couple of bridge parties were also on train, very good things for a rainy afternoon. The region of Queen's Park was lively about five, with dozens of carriages and brave spirits tramping up to pay their respects to Mrs. Whitney. It was bright and cheery as soon as one entered the shining ways of the west end of the Parliament Buildings and found the usual jolly crowd which always turns up at these receptions. The hostess received in a delicate pearl white gown with handsome white lace thereon, one of the quiet and dainty costumes which one is learning to associate with the *petite* wife of our Premier. Mrs. Thompson, Miss Whitney, Mrs. Davies, daughter of the Minister of Education, Miss Foy, daughter of the Attorney-General, Miss Colquhoun, Miss Cook, Miss Ritchie and the Misses Cosby were assisting in the dining-room, where the usual handsome buffet, done in green and silver and white 'mums, was surrounded by the usual chattering and their cavaliers. The reception-room was beautifully decorated with white and pink roses banking the mantel, and fine palms and ferns set in cosy corners about the apartments. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Elise Clark and the Misses Parke, who arrived last week from Scotland on a visit to their relatives at Government House and elsewhere, Lady Kirkpatrick, Lady Howland, Hon. Minister of Education and Mrs. Pyne, Mrs. T. Davies, Mrs. G. S. Ryerson, Mrs. Robert Smith and Miss Thomson, Mrs. Beattie Nesbitt, Mrs. Dignam, Mrs. C. H. Ritchie, Mrs. St. John, Mrs. Duggan, Mrs. S. Alfred Jones, were among the callers. Mrs. Whitney will receive hereafter in her own house in Wellesley street.

Mrs. Sterling Dean (*née* Perrin) asked just enough ladies to tea on Tuesday to make the little function enjoyable, or the weather interfered to prevent a crush, for her delightful little residence in Edgemoor road, which is a new street running from Howland to the Rosedale ravine, was not uncomfortably crowded, though quite full enough. The young hostess received in the drawing-room, in a pretty transparent white gown dotted with pale blue, and just suiting her fair hair and delicate tint. Mrs. Perrin (*née* assisted, and Mrs. H. M. Pellatt poured tea and coffee; the former lady wore a violet gown and hat, relieved with white, and the latter a sumptuous brocade in pale shades and black picture hat. In the dining-room was a cute round oak table, garlanded with crimson ropes from the electrolier and centered with white 'mums, on which were set ices, cake and the usual goodies. Merriment reigned, good stories, old friends, the contrast to the cheerless rain outside combined to make the moments fly pleasantly. A few of the guests were Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Haydn Horsey, Mrs. Lincoln Hunter, Mrs. Boucher Clark, Mrs. Eby, Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Miss and Miss Dora Rowand, Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Helliwell and Miss Carolyn Jarvis, Mrs. Chillas, Mrs. Goldie Kirkpatrick, Mrs. J. Wilson, Mrs. R. Lockhart, Miss Marie Macdonell, Mrs. G. Minty, Mrs. Phillips and Miss MacMillan, Mrs. Kennin, Miss Birchall, Miss Proctor, Miss Ellis, Miss Cross, Miss Rod and Miss Perry had charge of the tea-room, and some of the guests found a pretty sight upstairs, where a tea party was going on in the nursery, Martin and Alfred receiving their uninvited visitors with hospitable delight.

Mrs. Warrington, whose pretty home, 71 Macpherson avenue, is a hospitable center for many jolly meetings of congenial friends, is at home on the first and third Fridays during the season.

Mr. W. Burritt, brother of Mr. A. P. Burritt, and during his residence in Toronto one of our most popular young men, is to be married to Miss Martha Stuart Millar of San Francisco on or about December 20th, the date not being yet decided. His engagement was announced some time ago. Mr. Burritt is in Vancouver, B.C., where he is taking the exams necessary for the practice of law there, on December 11th, and after his marriage will settle and practice in that country.

Miss Vincent of Cleveland is the guest of Mrs. R. A. Smith.

Miss Jean Mortimer Clark returned from Montreal with her cousins, the Misses Parke, who came out from England and were met on landing by Miss Mortimer Clark, returning with her to Toronto.

The *débutantes* dance at Government House, which has been so eagerly looked forward to by the buds of this season, will take place on Thursday week. Many young folks will make their first flutter *en grande toilette* on that joyous occasion. The Governor's nieces, the Misses Parke, who are being welcomed and entertained everywhere, will be the guests par excellence of the first *soirée dansante* at Government House.

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McGILL RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM, DEFEATED BY 'VARSITY' LAST SATURDAY.

Sporting Comment.

VARSITY'S victory over McGill last Saturday once more brings the Intercollegiate championship to Toronto. In seven years the local students have won it four times, a record to be proud of. Football stars have waxed and waned through graduation or injuries the services of many brilliant players have been lost to the University, but even when the loss seemed irreparable the coaches have always been able to mould the raw material at hand into efficient units of attack and defence. Varsity even in its weakest years has never been without some player or players of unusual ability. When Norman Beal left college it was thought that his place at full back could not be filled, but "Pete" Laing emerged from obscurity and played that position even more creditably than his predecessor. In like manner the void that Harold Beatty left has been ably filled by McInnes, Varsity's consistent success has been due without doubt to their thorough system of coaching. The players have been left to their own devices, to blunder their way to success. It is a mistake to think that football ability is, like genius, innate. Football, like any other science or theory, can be taught, and the team which has the best method of teaching is likely to get the best results in the shortest space. In the big American colleges the coach is the pivot on which everything else turns. The colleges rival one another in securing not players so much as coaches, and the coach alone is held responsible for the success or failure of his team. In Canada, also, of late years, the teams which have stood out beyond all others have been those which have had scientific coaching. Such are Varsity, Hamilton and Ottawa College. The last nine years that Ottawa College were in the Q. R. F. U. they were champions seven times. Such long continued success cannot be attributed to sheer luck. The secret of it lies in the steadfast adherence to sound and proved methods of play. It is in this particular that Hamilton is immeasurably superior to the Toronto-Argonauts and the other O.R.F.U. teams.

It would be unfair, in recording Varsity's victory, to relegate McGill to that obscurity in which beaten teams are supposed to lie. If ever a team deserved to escape the nether darkness of defeat it was that same plucky Montreal aggregation. Even though vanquished they could argue still, and in the last few minutes of play it was not at all certain that they would not drive home the point of their argument and tie the score with a well-earned touch-down. Never was a game more hard-fought than this one. The wings stuck to their checks like leeches, the line-backing was savage in its fierceness, the tackling was hard and determined, and every play, offensive or defensive, was marked by grim earnestness or tenacious resistance. Both teams were in excellent condition and showed no ill effects from the fast and furious game. Best of all, there was not a single exhibition of ill temper.

McGill was quite as good a team as Varsity in every way except in strategy. McGill's halves made stupid plays when heads played meant points. They ran when they should have kicked, and kicked—several times into a charging wing—when they should have run. At the best, however, McGill could only have tied the score. I cannot see why Varsity supporters should have their enthusiasm cooled owing to the fact that McGill was only beaten by a score of 8-2. Surely a victory over worthy opponents should cause more rejoicing than a massacre of innocents. If victory means anything at all it should be doubly sweet when dearly bought. In fine, Varsity's success over McGill is more to their credit than any victory this season, and shows that they possess those sterling qualities of endurance and resistance which will serve them in good stead when they meet Ottawa City.

To-day Varsity meet Ottawa College in Ottawa. They ought to win, but they may have a harder time than they expect. Toronto-Argonauts play Hamilton, and the question which is agitating all minds is whether they will call a halt to the Tigers' march of triumph or be themselves led like lambs to the sacrifice. I myself think the sacrificial theory is the true one. Yet if the knife should fall the Toronto boys can console themselves with the reflection that this sacrifice is needed to preserve the O. R. F. U. from dissolution. The Tigers have to be faced if the league is to continue. All cannot be renegades like London. You cannot pluck laurels in the desert, and the Hamilton team needs stepping-stones to fame and fortune. Of course it is unusual for a Toronto team to form a pedestal for Hamilton's greatness, but this will be nothing more than a nine days' wonder. When the ground is level a mole-hill is an elevation, but one would be loath to hint that the position which the Tigers occupy seems exalted solely through the flatness of the surrounding country. Ottawa papers may do so, but their vision is very limited in range and they are apt to magnify the fly on the top of their nose into the great auk, and, conversely, see in the huge bird only a fly. One can forgive them for over-estimating Ottawa and underestimating Hamilton. It is proverbial that local pride blinds the vision of the press in small towns. What Ottawa papers need is a telescope, and there was wisdom in the decision of the Government to move the Provincial Observatory there. Inside of two weeks, however, Hamilton will have met Ottawa and the great question of superiority will be settled. People here in Toronto are sublimely indifferent to the result, as they think Varsity can run away with the Dominion championship, no matter who their opponents may be. And, of course, we are not blinded by local pride.

The football situation in the American colleges in the East is interesting this year for several reasons, chief of which are the violent press agitation against the game and the rise of several of the smaller colleges to prominence. It must be gall and wormwood to the big universities to be beaten by a small college with one-half or one-fourth their number of students. Last Saturday, however, Dartmouth beat Princeton 6-0, and Swarthmore trounced Cornell 14-0. The proudest boast of the students of these big universities is in their athletic prowess, and the arrogance which takes the pride the more bitter the fall. American universities take their athletics seriously and there is little doubt that during the past week grief and lamentation have cast dark shadows over Princeton, Cornell and their alumni. Even more humiliating is the lot of Columbia, which went down before Yale by a score of 0-53. American colleges do not play return games during the same season, and the beaten team must nurse its wrath for a long and weary year before vengeance is possible. When Princeton or Columbia get beaten it represents to the business-like Americans the direct loss of the many thousand dollars which were spent in equipping the team. They seek to buy football laurels like any other merchandise by lavish expenditure, and when a small college comes along and bears off the palm at much less

expense they kick themselves for being inferior to their opponents in business acumen and the ability to get their money's worth. Anyone who has listened to—and suffered from—the intolerable athletic pride of Princeton, Harvard or Yale men and their ilk cannot help but feel a sort of savage glee in seeing the colors of their universities lowered once in a while.

The O. H. A. convention to-day is one of the most important for many years. The retirement of Mr. John Ross Robertson removes from the helm a worthy and venerable figure who has safely piloted the O. H. A. through many trying storms. Any tribute to his worth and character is superfluous and unnecessary. He is too well known to require mention of his merits, and for years his name has been synonymous with many admirable qualities. It is not too much to say that he has made the O. H. A. what it is to-day. He has given it a sound and permanent organization and has inspired it with a policy and a mission. Perhaps that policy has occasionally been departed from and that mission lost sight of when Mr. Robertson's influence was not present, but the fact remains that the principle of amateurism which he inculcates is the corner-stone of the whole structure. Now that his successor must be elected the question is whether the O. H. A. will continue along the lines he laid down. If Mr. Robertson's policy was right, a radical change must be wrong. It is inconsistent to praise the man and then calmly proceed to destroy his work. The convention no doubt will see this and elect that one of the two candidates who seems better to represent the ideals of the past president. It is often the case, however, in a convention that a man will vote as self-interest, partisanship and wire-pulling direct. The O. H. A. needs to be careful lest several false steps should forfeit it every claim which it possesses to the respect and support of the hockey public in Ontario.

A good many notices of motion have been made, some of which are of value, while others are without either merit or intelligent phrasing. The motion of the treasurer, Mr. A. W. McPherson, that the executive be given power after one game to transfer a team to the series below, is worthy of consideration. This power would have to be exercised judiciously, but in many cases it could do good to the association as well as to individual clubs by saving hopelessly out-classed teams from defaulting. Defaulted games are a great source of annoyance and dispute between clubs, and any method of eliminating them should be given a trial. The question of rink rental is a very vital matter. Many rinks, in Toronto as elsewhere, are extortionate in their demands upon the hockey clubs. They ask more than the lion's share and the clubs are lucky if they get enough to keep them out of debt. In Toronto, junior teams esteem themselves fortunate if the rink leaves them the wherewithal to pay the referee. The O. H. A. cannot very well remedy the evil by fixing a certain percentage as the rink's share. They have no power to coerce rink managements, but by publicly protesting against their extortion they may induce them to abate their usurious methods.

The confessions of Arthur Duffey regarding his fall from the pure state of amateurism provided a rare relish to sporting news last week. In the meantime a report has come from New York that Mr. Duffey repudiated those statements in toto, while a Washington despatch asserts that, in an interview, he declared his intention of making sweeping revelations regarding many well-known athletes. As the Washington news is of later date perhaps it is more authentic. Mr. Duffey is evidently turning King's evidence and seeking to clear himself by incriminating others. Exposure is now the fashion in the States, but real remedies for existing evils are at a premium. The point of Mr. Duffey's defence is that he was a mere victim to circumstances and that the conditions of athletics are so hopelessly professional that even the pure of heart are inevitably led astray. Further disclosures on his part are necessary to prove this, but it is hard to doubt him, for what he has already said thoroughly coincides with what everybody has always believed. England and Englishmen may be hopelessly decadent, as the Americans say, but at any rate in England they contrive to keep sport free from the chicanery which characterizes it in the States. The relative status of amateurism and professionalism is well defined, and it is not that shadowy borderland between the two which Americans pass and re-pass so readily.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Warren, 55 Walmer road, is giving a tea for Miss Ethel White of Ottawa on Monday. Two of the most charming debutantes, one blonde and the other brune, are to assist.

The death of Mrs. Wyatt of Simcoe street, mother of Mr. Harry Wyatt of Crescent road, occurred this week, and the remains were interred on Wednesday. Mrs. Wyatt had many friends here and was a life-long resident of Toronto. Her illness prepared her family for their loss, and sincere sympathy and regret followed its publication.

Mrs. Scott Raif of the School of Expression will give three interpretative readings on November 17, December 8 and January 5, the first to include Canadian poems, narrative and selections from Browning, Mrs. Browning, Jean Ingelow, Emerson and Ruskin. The reading of November 17 will take place at 8 o'clock in the College of Music.

Mrs. Eaton is giving one of those fascinating afternoons which she calls "twilight teas" some day very soon. The memory of the last one lingers gratefully as a treat in reminiscence in the minds of the fortunate guests.

As a farewell before his marriage on the 16th, some of Mr. Stuart Playfair's friends, the crew of the yacht *Dinah*, R. C. Y. C., gave him a dinner at six o'clock on Thursday evening at the King Edward, at which the young men adjourned to Shea's and enjoyed the performance, winding up with a rendezvous at the home of Mr. John Wright, St. Alban street, where Mr. Playfair was the gratified recipient of two handsome gifts, a cheffonier and a loving cup from his yacht mates. The yachtmen who have been "mates a-sailing" of the bridegroom-elect are Messrs. Harry Logan, C. H. McArthur, W. P. Lindsey, John Wright, J. Young, Jr., G. B. Young and Donald Bremner. This sort of "farewell" seems a pleasant variation of the usual big dinner, and the good feeling and mutual esteem of hosts and guest made it a memorably happy event.

The "French Club" of the Berlitz School of Languages will meet 449 Spadina avenue, at 8 o'clock, November 18th. Strangers are requested to ask for an admission ticket at the office of the Berlitz School of Languages, 449 Spadina avenue. Visitors are expected to speak no English during the meeting. No fee for admission.

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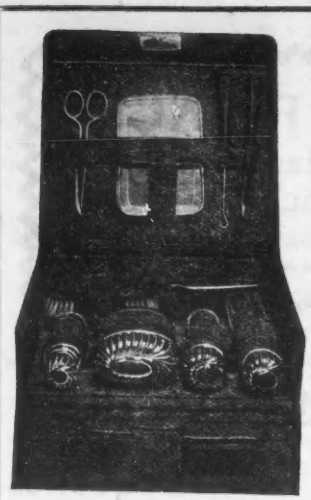
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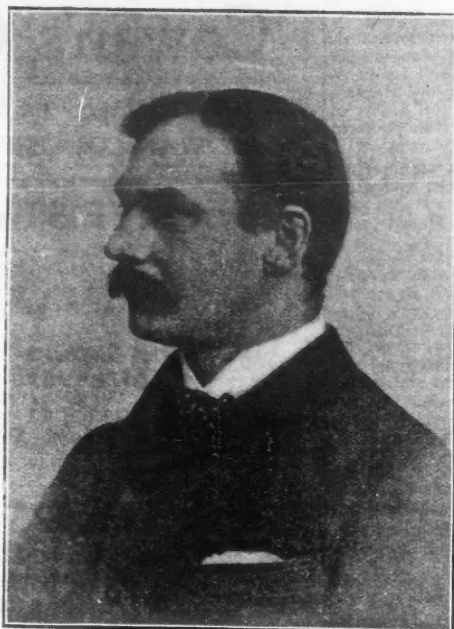
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Jerome K. Jerome in Toronto.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME has succeeded well in evading the ubiquitous press photographer. So rarely, indeed, have portraits of the humorist appeared in the magazines or in his own books that when a slim and unpretentious gentleman with a round and rubicund face entered quietly upon the platform of Massey Hall on Friday night of last week, scarcely any of those present recognized him as the Mark Twain of England. The only available photograph of Mr. Jerome is the one reproduced with this article, taken when he was scoring his first success as a humorous writer. Since then he has changed greatly. The mustache is gone and the expressive mouth is revealed. His hair has grown thin and gray. His face has an added mobility; the lines of shrewdness and gentleness are more strongly marked—in short, he is older. Life, however, gives a fair exchange of knocks and smiles, and, as might be expected, has been generous to the author of *Three Men in a Boat*, etc. He is forty-six, but looks younger.

It was on Saturday afternoon that I heard Mr. Jerome. The rather small audience that assembled was lost in the



JEROME K. JEROME.
From a photograph taken some years ago.

big auditorium, and the humorist said the size of the place made him feel lonesome. After the first number, at his suggestion, those occupying rear seats moved forward, after the method adopted to lend warmth to the proceedings at a country tea-meeting on a stormy night, and formed a compact audience near the speaker. Even then many must have been unable to hear the better part of the stories told. Mr. Jerome has a voice that is peculiarly ill-adapted to platform work. He also lets fall his best jokes in a casual sort of way that would be extremely effective in a drawing-room, but which rendered many of them unintelligible in Massey Hall. Mr. Jerome indulges in no gestures, standing most of the time rather ungracefully with one hand at his waist and the other on the table at his side. He also gives many evidences of being a "self-made man." He speaks with more than a suspicion of the Cockney dialect, and occasionally a pronounced inelegance mars his speech. These things, however, impress one rather as afterthoughts. Many authors are extremely disappointing when they essay reading their own works, but Mr. Jerome tells his charming stories charmingly. Rare delicacy of imagination and expression are required to closely hold the attention of an audience with a story of the swallows and sparrows outside one's study window. Subtle and dainty must be the humor that can touch in a genuinely refreshing way upon such well-worn subjects as the ancient and modern vagaries of the fair sex. Yet Jerome does these things. His references to Russia's social conditions were based on some papers he had written on the subject seven years ago. The conclusions drawn by him at that date prove him to be a far-seeing observer. The universal practice of corruption is, he remarked, the only evidence Russia gives of being up-to-date.

The best and most satisfying thing that Mr. Jerome did last Saturday was his reading of *Their First Play* from *Paul Kewer*. Seated at ease, just as he might in his study, and handling the book with familiarity and affection, he was far more attractive than in the pose of a platform raconteur. As he read the story, at once jocose and pathetic, of the little chap who went with his father and mother to a theater for the first time, he was the Jerome all his admirers would have him.

Three Men in a Boat is not the best thing Mr. Jerome has written, but there is a paragraph in it which I have never forgotten since reading the book just after it was published, quite a few years ago. It always comes into my mind when I think or hear of the author. This is it:

It was a glorious night. The moon had sunk, and left the quiet earth alone with the stars. It seemed as if, in



MR. JEROME, AS HE IS TO-DAY.
From a sketch by himself.

the silence and the hush, while we her children slept, they were talking with her, their sister—conversing of mighty mysteries in voices too vast and deep for childish human ears to catch the sound. They awoke us, these strange stars, so cold, so clear. We are as children whose small feet have strayed into some dim-lighted temple of the god they have been taught

to worship but know not; and, standing where the echoing dome spans the long vista of the shadowy light, glance up, half hoping, half afraid to see some awful vision hovering there. And yet it seems so full of comfort and of strength, the night. In its great presence, our small sorrows creep away, ashamed. The day has been so full of fret and care, and our hearts have been so full of evil and of bitter thoughts, and the world has seemed so hard and wrong to us. Then Night, like some great loving mother, gently lays her hand upon our fevered head, and turns our little tear-stained faces up to hers, and smiles; and, though she does not speak, we know what she would say, and lay our hot flushed cheek against her bosom, and the pain is gone.

Sometimes our pain is very deep and real, and we stand before her very silent, because there is no language for our pain, only a moan. Night's heart is full of pity for us; she can not ease our aching; she takes our hand in hers, and the little world grows very small and very far away beneath us, and borne on her dark wings, we pass for a moment into a mightier Presence than her own, and in the wondrous light of that great Presence, all human life lies like a book before us, and we know that Pain and Sorrow are but the angels of God.

A book of humor based on a philosophy like that is good to read. To the coarse jokesmith nothing is sacred. Indiscriminately, undiscerningly he pierces the foibles and peculiarities of men and women with jests that are barbed and poisoned. Jerome holds up human weakness and caprices to our view and bids us laugh, but he handles them caressingly. Through his long career as clerk, schoolmaster, publisher and editor, writer of plays and novelist, he has never lost his kindly faith in humanity. This is the secret of the charm of Jerome's humor.

H. W. J.

Social and Personal.

A very representative company attended the reception and tea given to Miss Sorabji of India at the King Edward on Tuesday, under the auspices of the Daughters of the Empire. The guest of honor appeared in native costume with sari and robe of white and silver. A purse in aid of her mission was subscribed and presented by the president of the order, Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth. After Miss Sorabji's address and the presentation, tea was served in the corridor of the hotel. A few of those attending the reception were Canon and Mrs. Welch, Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, Principal and Mrs. Auden, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. James Scott, Miss Constance Boulton, Miss Merritt, and many other enthusiastic "Daughters," maids and matrons.

The Misses Ball, whose former home in Queen's Park is now the residence of Mr. Donald Mackay, have been in pension and travelling since they gave up house. Last week they entered on a six months' tenancy of the Misses Kirkpatrick's pretty house, corner of Lowther avenue and Walmer road, and there they are at home on Fridays during the season.

Mrs. White, 30 Queen's Park, has sent out cards for a tea on Monday next from 4 to 6 o'clock.

Mrs. Percival Leadley is giving a housewarming reception at her new home, 21 Elm avenue, next Tuesday from 4 to 6 o'clock.

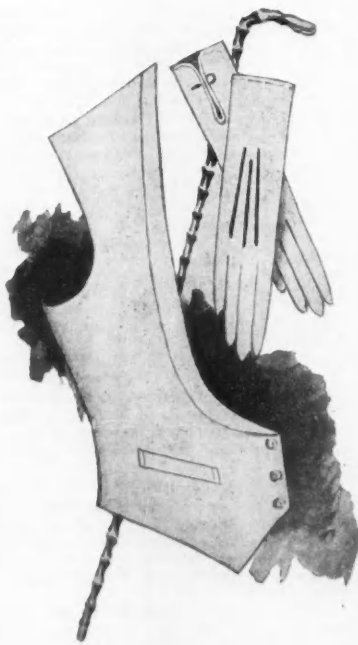
Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly is giving a tea on Wednesday next for her second daughter's coming out. Miss Nadine has been for some years at school abroad and will make her debut this month.

A private view of art of the Netherlands was one of this week's attractive engagements for the fashionable and artistic world. The Woman's Art Association, which has done so much to familiarize us with the master artists' work from that country, has a fine collection at this month's exhibit. The private view last night occurred too late for notice this week.

Mrs. Lockie has taken a house near her daughter, Mrs. Boucher Clark, and old friends are glad to welcome her back to the rôle of hostess, which she always filled so heartily.



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MARTHA

By J. J. Bell.

ANY time in the four years during which the village greengrocer courted our maid Martha, my wife and I shared a good laugh over the bashfulness of the one and the haughtiness of the other. But somehow, when Mr. Peck at last proposed and Martha accepted him, the joke collapsed like a pin-pricked toy balloon, and neither of us could find anything left to laugh at. It was a hard thing to realize that Martha, who had been with us all the nineteen years of our married life, had actually decided to leave us.

Martha was not, speaking literally, "a perfect treasure," but she had long ago become familiar with our little ways, just as we—which was quite as important—had become familiar with hers; and, apart from resenting the bare idea of engaging a stranger, we felt, as we gradually admitted to each other, that Martha had a place not only in our modest household, but also in our affections. But, after all, we only admitted to each other a feeling that had been in existence for many years, ever since the night when our little boy was suddenly taken away—that night, and the dreadful days which followed, when Martha's heart seemed broken as our own hearts, although her hands were ready and steady for the work that had to be done.

I doubt if there was ever a matrimonial engagement which gave complete satisfaction to every one acquainted with either of the contracting parties, and in Martha's case my wife would be the first to admit that she was what is mildly termed "put out" when one morning her maid, busy washing the breakfast dishes, remarked abruptly, yet calmly—

"Excuse me, mem, but I maun tell ye I've made up ma mind to leave Dugald Peck, the greengrocer."

My wife cannot recollect the exact reply she made to the announcement, but she distinctly remembers dropping the lid of a muffin-dish by which she set great store, and which she could never trust to Martha's fingers. In the evening she reported the announcement and some of the subsequent conversation to me, adding—

"But the thing that puzzled me most, Jim, was that Martha wasn't the least excited. She didn't even blush."

"How old is Martha?" I inquired. "That has nothing to do with it—but I fancy she's about forty. You don't mean to infer that a woman cannot blush at that age, do you?"

"It is for you to say, Margaret," I returned, smiling at her. She said it without words, and laughed a little laugh that trailed off into a sigh.

Presently she spoke again, seriously. "No, Martha didn't blush, and she wasn't a bit confused. She just went on washing the dishes as if she had said nothing more important than 'It's not quite so cold this morning.' Why, Jim, she didn't even appear to be particularly glad about it!"

"Perhaps she was sad," I suggested. Margaret shook her head. "I thought she would have shown some—some sorrow at the prospect of leaving us," she said in a low tone. "I confess I was disappointed in Martha this morning. I didn't," she continued, a note of dignity slightly hardening her voice, "I didn't look for tears of gratitude, but I did expect some expression of—of regret."

"It was too bad," I muttered, not knowing what to say. "You have done so much for her, dear—when she was ill, when she was pined by that wretched fellow just after she came to us, when she—"

"Oh, never mind that. . . . And yet I can't believe that Martha isn't sorry to leave me."

"No more can I. In fact, I shouldn't be surprised if she threw over Peck at the last minute and stayed on here!" I exclaimed, cheerfully.

"My dear! The wedding is to be six weeks hence. She wouldn't have fixed it so definitely if she had had any doubt about keeping to her bargain. Besides, we are not dependent on Martha. I can get another maid. Indeed, I have sometimes thought of late that a younger woman might suit better."

"Yes, of course," I assented, thinking of our hundred and one little ways up to which a stranger would require to be educated.

Perhaps Margaret was thinking likewise, for she was silent for several minutes.

I lit my pipe, and casually observed:

"I suppose Peck is a decent sort of man."

"I believe he is quite respectable and prosperous, if that's what you mean, Jim. He certainly ought to be the latter, with the prices he charges for his vegetables and fruit."

"But what's wrong with him?" I asked.

My wife hesitated. "Well," she said at last, "I'm sure he's a mean man—you can see it in his eye, when you catch it; and I don't mind saying that I wish Martha were going to marry anybody else in the village, for I'm convinced that as Mrs. Peck she'll have harder work and far less reward than she has had here."

"But Martha must see something attractive in him, surely."

"I suppose so. But, as I said, I wish she had taken some one else. Really, Jim, I was amazed when she told me this morning, for I know, and so do you, how she has been snubbing him for years."

"Ah, there's nothing like a lover being persistent."

"Lover! Do you think every man who wants a wife is a lover?"

"I think you're a bit severe on Peck," I ventured.

"No, Jim, I'm not. I see the man nearly every day, and I'd be sorry for any woman who became his wife. I'm not thinking of Martha at all now. Mr. Peck wants an assistant, but does not want to have to pay a proper wage. Martha is a comely woman, and a careful one, too, except in regard to glass and china. She would do capital in the shop as well as in the house. Oh, I do wish she hadn't taken that greedy, selfish little man!"

"But what can you do, dear?"

"Nothing! Absolutely nothing!—except go to town as soon as possible and engage another maid. I suppose I should consider myself lucky at my time of life going to a registry office for the first time."

"Is Martha going to be married from here?" I inquired.

"No. She didn't give me time to offer that. She wishes to leave this day month, and go home to stay with her old mother, who has not been well lately, and be married there. I dare say that is the better way."

"Save some trouble."

"I wouldn't have minded that," said my wife, gently, "though I would have hated to see her go out of this house with Mr. Peck. However, I've got to concern myself about the new girl now. I'll write to Winifred to-night and ask her how she sets about engaging a maid."

"Your sister has had some experience!"

"I should think so! Poor Winifred! She has two maids and a nurse, and she has never had one stay for a year, and she has been married fifteen years in June."

"Well, Margaret, I trust we are not in for a period of quick changes, even in our small establishment."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Margaret, rather gloomily, as she rose and went to the writing-table. "I've heard that it is very difficult to get a girl to come to the country, and, when you get her, to keep her. Girls find it dull, which I dare say is natural. However, I must do my best, but—"

She paused, playing with a pen.

"Well, dear?"

"But you must understand, Jim," she continued after a moment or two, "you must understand that it will take years, probably, to get the best of girls to do everything in the way we are used to. And there are some little things that I don't think I could ask a strange girl to do."

"For instance?"

"Well, I don't think I could ask her to bring our morning tea into the bedroom, as Martha has done since the morning after we came home from our honeymoon, dear. I don't think I could do that. Could I?"

"Perhaps not. Exit one piece of unnecessary indulgence!" I returned, with affected carelessness. "Proceed, Margaret."

"No, no. We'll find out plenty of little things we can't have soon enough, such as cooking a Welsh rabbit at eleven o'clock at night because we happen to get suddenly hungry. I never liked Martha being up so late, but she seemed to take a pride in it, and of course she hadn't to rise very early. I'll have to do the Welsh rabbits myself in future."



SCENE FROM HIS LAST DOLLAR AT THE GRAND NEXT WEEK.

"We'll have dinner an hour later and do without the rabbits," I said, bravely.

"We shall certainly have to alter some of our habits, Jim. Perhaps we have been too easy-going. At any rate, you must give up dropping into the kitchen when I'm there to ask me unimportant questions. I don't think—but don't let's talk any more about it now. I'm going to write to Winifred."

As the days went on, Depression took a firmer hold on us both. Margaret accounted for it by the fruitlessness of the various visits to the town registry offices, but I felt that it was really due to the strange apathy and callousness of Martha, who treated her mistress with a cold respectfulness, and never ventured a word with regard to her future unless she was asked for it. Naturally, Margaret froze also, and ceased to make kindly inquiries.

"I'm sure," she once sighed despairingly, "I can't think what has come over Martha. Her manner is so queer that sometimes I think she must be ill. I haven't seen her smile since she became engaged, and the other day, when I tried to make a joke about her being our greengrocer in the near future, her expression almost frightened me."

"You've never gone into the kitchen when Peck was there, have you?" said I.

"I couldn't," I said. "Perhaps she knows you don't like him, and naturally feels offended. I don't think she's offended. Sometimes she's like a dumb thing simply longing to speak. Her eyes haven't changed. It's her face, especially her mouth."

"Have you mentioned our proposed little wedding present, dear?"

"No. We'll send it after her, to her mother's. I couldn't give it to her here now."

"Cheer up, Margaret!" I said, feebly. "She's not worth all the pain you're giving your tender heart."

"Perhaps not—I don't know. . . . And yet I can't believe that she has lost all her feelings. Surely the soul of that mean little man hasn't gone into her. That's nonsense I'm talking, but I—I feel the whole thing terribly, and—do you, Jim."

"I do," I had to confess at last.

Takes Time.

Some Years Getting There and What Happened Then.

The poison in coffee does not always work its mischief swiftly—sometimes it fastens its hold upon the victim by slow degrees that are not noticeable for a while. But once it begins, the day will surely come when the coffee drinker will be "up against it" and must have relief.

A lady writes from Cal. "We were great coffee drinkers in our home, using it at every meal and frequently drinking it in the evening with friends, and it was not until after the lapse of years that we began to realize that it was doing us harm."

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"At last he determined to quit using coffee altogether, and like a good wife I did so, too. We worried along for a month without any hot table beverage, till one day a friend happened to say to me, 'I am using Postum Food Coffee now, and feel so much better for it.' I told her that we had tried it and did not care for it, and she said it must have been because it wasn't properly prepared. So I bought a package and prepared it strictly according to directions. We were astonished and delighted at the result."

"We have been using Postum Coffee for a year now, and I rejoice to be able to tell you that it has cured my husband of his dyspepsia. This is a statement that does not seem to have the significance it ought to have. If I could make you understand how intense his sufferings used to be, you would realize what a deliverance Postum wrought for him."

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Margaret's world and mine had always been rather a small one, and perhaps that was a reason why we felt the matter so seriously and so deeply.

The day of Martha's departure arrived and the local chariot stood at the garden gate, laden with her belongings and ready to take them and herself to the station.

"You must come, Jim, and say good-by to her, and wish her luck and happiness," said my wife, entering the study.

"All right," said I, feeling it was all wrong. "Has—has she broken down, Margaret?" I asked nervously. "No. And I don't think she will. Come. It's time she was going now. We went into the kitchen together. Feeling miserable and foolish, I repeated with the utmost stiffness the kind words which I had committed to memory the previous evening."

"Thank ye, sir," she said, quietly. My wife held out her hand.

"Good-by, Martha, but—not for long. We'll see you soon again. All good wishes, you know."

"Thank ye, mem," said Martha, still quietly.

Then, for an instant, she let her eyes—honest brown eyes they were—rest on her mistress. Surely, I thought, she was going to break down at last. But no. Although the look in her eyes was motherly (there is no other word to describe it), her face was hard.

We went to the door and saw her off. At the last moment I fancied her lip quivered, but I could not be certain as to that.

The cab rolled away. Margaret shut the front door softly, and together we went into the study.

So far Margaret had been unsuccessful in her quest of a maid, and for a fortnight we had to be content with the daily help of an elderly woman from the village.

"Martha will be married by now. They will probably be dancing at the wedding," said Margaret suddenly, about ten o'clock, one evening. She did not look up from her sewing.

I had been dreading the coming of the remark all the hours during which I had been making a pretense at writing.

"So she will," I responded, with as much carelessness as I could muster, and was wondering helplessly what I could say to change the subject when a bright thought struck me.

"I say, Margaret, I'm shockingly hungry. Do you think you could be bothered—er—"

"Welsh rabbit," she said, rising with a sad smile. "Remember, I can't make it like Martha, Jim."

"Nonsense! It was you who taught Martha." For the moment I had stupidly forgotten that Welsh rabbit suggested the departed, otherwise I should never have mentioned it.

Presently Margaret left the room, after I had asked her to leave both doors open so that I might not feel too lonely.

I heard her moving about the kitchen, stirring up the fire, removing the lid of the range and shutting the damper. Then she went to the larder, thence to the table, and I guessed she was cutting up the cheese and slicing the bread. Once more she went to the fire, and remained there.

I was inwardly debating how I was going to attack the Welsh rabbit when ready, for I had no appetite worth mentioning, when I heard Margaret run hastily from the fire to the back door and open it.

"Martha!" she cried in a frightened tone, whereupon I jumped from my chair.

"Ay, mem, it's just me," replied a very familiar voice, not quite the voice of a fortnight ago.

"Oh, Martha! What are you doing here?" gasped my wife.

The back door was closed, probably by Martha.

"Excuse me, mem, but is ma place filled up?" The question came anxiously.

"No. Not yet, Martha, but—"

"That's fine!" exclaimed Martha, with intense satisfaction. "I've just a wee bag wi' me the night, but I'll get ma trunk an' other things sent on the morn. I'm rale glad to be back, mem. But I'm vexed to see ye a wee thing wearit-like. Hoo's the maister?"

"Jim!" cried my wife. "Please come quickly. . . . Here's Martha come back. Do try to get her to explain, for I—I—I—"

"Well, Martha," said I, entering the kitchen, "what has happened? Has the wedding been—ahem!—postponed?"

"Deed ay!" she promptly answered, her face beaming with smiles, "it's

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postponed, as ye say, sir, postponed for ever an' ever!"

"What?" cried my wife. "I'm no' gann to marry Maister Peck, nor any ither man," said Martha, gaily. "Ye see, mem, ma Uncle Rubbert is deid."

"Dear me! I'm exceedingly sorry," I began. "Dinna fash yersel', sir, for I'm no' sorry. He was a hard man when he was leevin', but noo he's awa', an' this bit siller comes to ma puir auld mither. So ye see, mem," she turned to her mistress, "I'm no' needin' to marry Maister Peck nor any ither man, an' if ye'll let me, I wud like to bide here an' dae as I've done for near twenty year."

"But, Martha," cried my wife, the tears in her eyes, "were you going to marry Mr. Peck because your mother was in want?"

"That's about it, mem. Ma mither's gettin' auld, an' her sichts was failin', and she had lost a' the fine needlework that used to bring her in a bit siller. An' so there was nae-thin' for it but to marry a man o' substance, an' Maister Peck—awee! he was the only man o' substance that seemed to want me. It was a bargain 'twixt him an' me. I was to keep his house an' shop when he gaed to the market, an' he was to see that ma mither didna want. I made him write it doon on paper, for I wisna jist shair o' him. But that's a' by noo, an' I tellt him yesterday to try an' get anither lass about ma ain size an' I wud mak' her a present o' ma weddin' garment at half price wi' pleasure. He was gey pit oot, puir man, but I doot there's mair o' his he'rt in his cabbages an' plooms nor in his—his inside. An' that's the tale story, mem, an'—"

"But why did you not tell me of

your trouble long ago?" asked my wife.

Martha's vivacity left her, and she looked at the ground. "Mem," she said softly and humbly at last, "I ask yer pardon, but if I had—I had let ma he'rt get saft for a single meenit, then I wud ha' broke doon an' never faced the thing I noot had to be. I had jist to pretend to ma sel' that I didna care for onybody, but, oh, mem! ye ken it wassa that wey wi' me! I'm ashamed an' vexed an'—oh, criften! the cheese is burnin'!"

She rushed to the fire, and I slipped out of the kitchen. After a little Margaret followed me to the study. Her eyes were bright with smiles and tears.

"Martha will be herself again shortly," she said, "and then she'll make us fresh Welsh rabbits. Oh, I'm so glad to have her back, Jim. Aren't you?"

"Without a doubt, dear." Ten minutes later a slight crash sounded from the kitchen.

"Martha is all right now," laughed Margaret. "She has broken something."

See The New York Horse Show.

The famous New York Horse Show will be held in Madison Square Garden from November 13th to 18th. Torontonians can see it at little expense by taking advantage of New York Central Railroad's cheap excursion on November 14th. Rate \$10.25 for round trip from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo, good to days for return. Write or call on Louis Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, 60 1-2 Yonge street, Toronto, for full particulars.

Correspondence Column

The above Column must accompany every correspondence to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least five lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be accepted in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. 3. Correspondents need not put up their own and the editor's time by writing grammatical and requests for haste. 4. Questions, queries or postal cards are not studied. 5. Please address Correspondence Column envelopes unless accompanied by Opossum or other suitable.

NOVELTY.—It is correct to leave cards, whether you are admitted or not. 2. Not in first mourning, but if degree be slight and time nearly over, yes. 3. If you wish to present her to all your friends, yes. 4. Calls made after a tea put you in debt to your guests, but you needn't call until it suits your convenience. There's no rule. 5. After the wedding you call upon the bride's mother whether the bride leaves town or not, if you are asked to wedding.

FRANCES G. W.—There is some indecision and wavering in your lines, rather the result of youth and inexperience, I fancy. The general disposition is honest, frank and courageous, with a good-natured willingness to be friends with all the world. Writer is careful and deliberate, conscientious and somewhat given to sentiment, should be a fair mathematician and of practical and cheerful disposition. More force and decision will come with time and contact with various circumstances and people. Writer isn't very logical nor long-headed, but very reliable.

FAITH—September 26th brings you under Libra, the scales, an air sign, ruling the latter days of September and until October 22nd. Libra people are often mercurial in temperament, fitful in impulse, wearing out energies that would do splendid work, through their lack of poise and repose. Libra people are often impatient, nervous and unreasonable, but an appeal to their justice rarely fails to reach. The scales, when they hang true, are strong for the right. I regret to say that the ink your study is written in is so faded that I cannot delineate your writing. Some of the words are almost illegible.

ABBEVILLE—There is a great deal of feeling, liable to be enthusiastic, and a tendency to be easily influenced shown in your lines. Expression is in some ways facile, perhaps through music or some other channel which gives good play to the emotions. Writer is fond of good living, social intercourse and, if possible, an easy life; has great ambition in some direction, is honest, frank and sincere. It isn't a fully inspired hand, but has some originality and a careful and tactful method. Though the writer might have enemies, he doesn't make them wilfully. There is some reserve and sensitiveness suggested, and writer may easily be chivalrous and an idealist, though not ruled by his ideas to forsake a practical lifework. There is some initiative but not strong assurance of success.

JOCELYN—No, my dear, your writing betrays no marked talent for journalism. It is really rather a childish hand; the lines of decision are fairly strong, the purpose is plain but practical and constant, discretion fine and no disposition toward hesitancy or dissimulation. Your impulse is rather erratic and contrary sometimes. It will be a very good hand when further matured, and shows a touch of decided cleverness and ability.

SPRAY—I am sure you will eventually do better than a factory hand. My good man, there is some fine stuff in you, not at all the sort to muddle on in a mediocre career. You think a good deal, perhaps overmuch, of appearances, have good power for planning and plenty of enterprise and courage. Your birthday brings you under Capricorn, an earth sign, and your tenacity, perseverance and practical energy should better your condition sooner or later. You are fairly careful of detail, very independent of influence, and I think you have a good chance of success. Go slowly and observantly and watch for a good opening. Your study somewhat interests me and impresses me favorably. It certainly looks like the sort that gets to the top.

H. F. A.—Are those your initials? Your note is postmarked Ottawa. So they told you you were a fraud, did they? Well, I'd rather believe it easier to write naturally as you do than to adopt such a weird splurge as a disguise. What you should do, my sweet maiden, is to take a strenuous course of shorthand, that is, if you don't like your writing. I think it's all right. Beyond ambitions and day-dreams in the least likely to be realized, your study shows an overweening belief in yourself, and a careless, generous, good feeling toward the world in general. Your sense of proportion and idea of values are very warped, but in your own way you do a rough sort of justice. You can be adaptable and at times most exacting and unreasonable, but you have fine talents, no great application or concentration, a tendency to flout convention and other people's feelings. You waste no time on idle sentiment, are fairly observant, most restless and unhappy under restraint and generally a person needing careful handling. It is so easy to deflect and disturb your sort. I fancy you may easily, in your own circle, sway many.

SHEGRAMSH—Certainly the hour,

even the moment, of one's birth should be known to cast a correct horoscope. Twenty minutes will sometimes make a wide difference. Your writing shows a tentative, reserved and rather cautious nature, prone to safeguard itself against others and not to respond to any impulse of careless generosity. There is thought, conviction and decision, dominant will, love of power, great capacity for affection but little facility in expressing it adequately. Writer is born under the leading sign of the year, Aries, a fire sign, indomitable, enterprising, enquiring, often proud and sensitive to criticism, sometimes humble in speech, but really resentful, fixed in opinion and apt to be formal and ceremonious. I should think you an ugly person to interfere with or attempt to coerce. You're not "easy" in that way. At the same time there is talent, refinement and culture very plainly shown in your lines. It is not a usual hand for this country, rather "over-seas," with all the touchy, nervous energy of the Briton. It suggests a trained mind and a fine method.

DOOR MAT—Well, you are refreshing! I have been the loser by your want of courage. The tenth of March is a great birthday. You are either a whale or a minnow sure, for that's the month of Pisces, the fishes, the sign that rules the feet, and may lead them into fair and pleasant fording places (it's a water sign) or into turbulent and muddy streams. March 10th and April 21st. Water and fire! Well, those two, when working properly together, create steam, and you, know what a world power that is. Even if they only keep you in hot water they are working together, when that happens, suppose you either turn off the tap or learn how to keep the cooler open. This is nonsense with sense at the back of it, not for the world to understand, but just for yourself. There is a good deal of value in your lines, plain unadorned worth, entirely lacking those pretty frills that make life so gracious. You have a saving sense of humor, as grim as if you were a Scot. Are you? A generally cheerful turn, truthful and honest, not at all dominant, very conservative and averse to change. Such, my dear lady, is what "my conscience" permits. You are no logician, nor are you deeply learned. I should call you a sensible, every-day good woman.

GRANDMA—Would your venerable highness please send a study on plain white paper? If any more of these weird blue things come my way, straight to the waste-paper basket they will travel. Now, be good!

LILLIAN—The children of the crab (Cancer, your birth sign) are fond of clutching ideas, opportunities and other things with a vise-like grasp, then suddenly dropping them without rhyme or reason. You are rather clever, but not decided; discretion, temper and love of beauty are strong, and you have some originality, a wavering ambition, a very honest and conscientious nature and a fairly practical purpose. If you can manage to devote all your energies to your present work, I rather think it will bring you better results than either of the other pursuits you mention. But—can you?

PLAIN JOHN—The booklet you want is by William Q. Judge, and is called *Culture of Concentration*. Write to 144 Madison avenue, New York.

Oldest Inhabitant

"Who is your oldest inhabitant?" "Old Bill Davis." "Where is he living?" "He's in jail. He wuz sentenced to be hung eighty years ago an' hez bin fightin' the case ever since."

Old-Fashioned Fare

Hot Biscuits, Griddle-cakes, Pies and Puddings.

The food that made the fathers strong is sometimes unfit for the children under the new conditions that our changing civilization is constantly bringing in. One of Mr. Bryan's neighbors in the great State of Nebraska writes:

"I was raised in the South, where hot biscuits, griddle-cakes, pies and puddings are eaten at almost every meal, and by the time I located in Nebraska I found myself a sufferer from indigestion and its attendant ills—distress and pains after meals, an almost constant headache, dull, heavy sleepiness by day and sleeplessness at night, loss of flesh, impaired memory, etc., etc."

"I was rapidly becoming incapacitated for business, when a valued friend suggested a change in my diet, the abandonment of heavy, rich stuff and the use of Grape-Nuts Food. I followed the good advice and shall always be thankful that I did so."

"Whatever may be the experience of others, the beneficial effects of the change were apparent in my case almost immediately. My stomach, which had rejected other food for so long, took to Grape-Nuts most kindly; in a day or two my headache was gone, I began to sleep healthfully and before a week was out the scales showed that my lost weight was coming back. My memory was restored with the renewed vigor that I felt in body and mind. For three years now Grape-Nuts food has kept me in prime condition, and I propose it shall for the rest of my days."

"And by the way, my 2 1-2-year-old baby is as fond of Grape-Nuts as I am, always insists on having it. It keeps her as healthy and hearty as they make them." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

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CIRCULATION MANAGER,

Toronto Saturday Night.

American Worthies Awarded Place in the Hall of Fame.

At the recent election to the honor of a tablet in the "Hall of Fame" of New York University only eleven names received the necessary majority of the votes of the one hundred electors. The persons chosen were: James Russell Lowell, John Greenleaf Whittier, John Quincy Adams, James Madison, John Paul Jones, Alexander Hamilton, William T. Sherman, Louis Agassiz, Maria Mitchell, Mary Lyon and Emma Willard.

Of course many people who are not electors express dissatisfaction with the choice made, and heap scorn upon judges who would award the palm to Lowell and Whittier in preference to Poe, Bryant, Holmes and Fenimore Cooper. Poe received only forty-three votes, while Lowell got fifty-eight. Critics of the election have picked out Poe as the bright example with which to point their remarks. They hint that Poe was rejected because of his real or supposed moral defects, and show anger against Chancellor MacCracken of the New York University because, replying to the charge that Poe was rejected on moral grounds, he said: "The American people has not yet come to the stage when it prefers form to substance, and many are inclined to believe that Poe is at titimizing in regard to *Annabel Lee*."

Judged by Milton's criterion, that poetry should be simple, sensuous and passionate, Poe's poetry has the first two qualities, but it is lacking in the third. Poe's poetry possesses the necessary simplicity of form to be easily understood, and the rhythm and picture-making quality meant by Milton's "sensuous," but it does not suggest the wide range of feelings, nor does it give one the impression that Poe felt any very deeply. This is my idea why he has not been elected.

This characterization of Poe's work is flouted and resented with some heat by scribes of high and low degree. Certainly it is difficult to see why Poe should not be in the "Hall of Fame," since Longfellow and Beecher are there. Oliver Wendell Holmes, too, is surely entitled to a

place equal to that given Whittier.

The criticism is not for the names selected, but for the failure to select names that the critics propose. Five years ago, when the first selection was made, and Robert E. Lee was placed among the elect, there was some rancorous fault-finding, and the bloody shirt was waved a bit, but old sores have healed so soundly during the intervening luster that there would hardly be a protest if his name had been accepted at the second, instead of the first, election.

As yet only forty American worthies have received the necessary fifty-one votes. In addition to the eleven named above, the names inscribed on the tablets in the "Hall of Fame" are: George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin, Ulysses S. Grant, John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry W. Longfellow, Robert Fulton, Washington Irving, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel F. B. Morse, David G. Farragut, Henry Clay, Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Peabody, Robert E. Lee, Peter Cooper, Eli Whitney, John J. Audubon, Horace Mann, Henry Ward Beecher, James Kent, Joseph Story, John Adams, William E. Channing, Gilbert Stuart and Asa Gray.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

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Bringing up Children on Psychologic Principles.

HERE was no such science as psychology known to pedagogues in the days of the "little red schoolhouse," when any person that could read, write, cipher and wield a birch with disciplinary prowess was accepted as competent to teach "the rudiments." Lessons were set for the class, in that barbarous age, and were to the lad that came to school unprepared for recitation. The cane was his portion. Dulness was treated as a bad trait meriting punishment equally with malicious mischievousness. It was a crude, cruel system which broke many a boy's spirit, rendered letters hateful to many another, and prevented others from developing according to their nature into something worth while.

Psychology, however, has changed all that. The modern teacher perceives that there is nothing malicious or essentially evil in boys, and that when a lad shows the outward symptoms of stupidity and a bad temper the fault must be laid to environment and weak eyes. Instead of whipping him, the modern teacher sends him to an oculist or to a college settlement. Lessons are not presented to the pupillary intellect in the rude, direct way that once upon a time prevailed in the schools. On the contrary, the teacher is urged to apply her psychology in her work and to approach the infantile intellect by a circuitous, psychological route, never shocking it by presenting a new idea too abruptly, or by making it work for itself, and always remembering that the teacher ought to do all the thinking for the pupil.

Teachers, of course, are nearly all psychologists, for five or six years after leaving the normal school, but it is a pity that the child does not

come under the sacred and informing influence of psychology before the kindergarten age, and for a greater portion of the day and year than is included within the school sessions and semesters. Every mother ought to be a psychologist so that infants, from their nativity, should have the extraordinary benefits of a truly scientific training. Happy the children whose mother is a normal school graduate, for such children will be brought up according to the very latest theories; an important advantage, for it is well known that, until a few years ago, all mothers were incompetent. Psychology illuminated motherhood and elevated it to the plane of an intellectual profession. If the young men were in touch with the "best thought of the age," the normal school graduates—that is, the girls—would be married as fast as they came out of the schools, for it is of vastly more importance that a wife should be learned in psychology than that she should have the cook book by heart. Indeed, if woman be the pursuer, as Bernard Shaw asserts, a girl should find psychology at least as effective a man-catching accomplishment as piano-playing, for it would enable her to suggest to any man the thought of proposing and would guide her in shaping his mind. A good psychologist—that is, a woman—will not lack offers, if she be at all enterprising.

As the intellect of the infant begins to open, like a rosebud, the maternal psychologist discovers much need of her science to check untoward developments. For example, many foolish mothers, to distract the cries of a child that has been bumped on a bed or a bureau, will kiss the injured spot on the child and slap the innocent piece of furniture. The psychologist, of course, perceives that while this ancient trick dries the child's tears, it teaches the young one to believe that which hurts him is necessarily bad, and it renders him revengeful. Why do so many mothers hit back when they are hurt, regardless of whether they merited the hurt, if not because they were mistreated in this way by mothers ignorant of psychology? Only the psychologist can perceive the dreadfully immoral effect on a child's mind of slapping an object with which he has collided to his hurt. It retards for a while and, perhaps, dims forever his perception of the difference between right and wrong, and tends to teach him to make his own pleasure and pain the measure of goodness and badness. So calamitous are the consequences of not knowing psychology.

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER



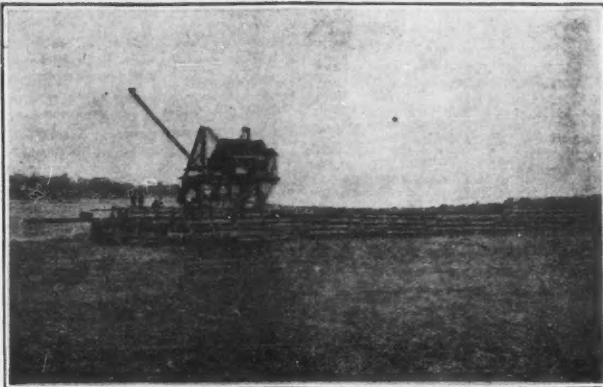
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Electric Power Development at Niagara Falls.

At the present time there are in operation, or under construction, on both sides of the Niagara River, electrical power plants whose combined horse-power is about 500,000. If to this amount be added the total amount of power for which charter rights have been granted, says the *Scientific American*, the total development at Niagara, when the full limit of these charters has been reached, will be about 900,000 horse-power.

The principal scene of activity is on the Canadian side, reaching from the commencement of the upper rapids to the huge power station of the Ontario Power Company which ex-

posed still water would have been a matter of considerable magnitude; but when we bear in mind that it had to be carried out into a mighty cataract which was running twenty-six feet deep at a velocity of fifteen miles per hour, the daring of the work and its inherent difficulties can well be understood. These difficulties were aggravated by the fact that the river bottom was extremely rough and uneven, full of boulders and deep fissures. The dam was built out in 16-foot sections. Each section was constructed in the still water under the lee of the dam, and then launched into place; but, before building the section, it was necessary to make a survey of the river bed.



THE MAIN COFFERDAM.

tends along the foot of the cliff between the Falls and the new steel arch bridge.

Following down the shore line of the Niagara River for a distance of 1,500 feet from the intake of the Ontario Power Company, whose plant was described in our issue of August 12th, we come to the huge plant of the Electrical Development Company, where the work of developing 125,000 horse-power is being pushed to completion with remarkable activity. There are some respects in which this plant is the most original and interesting work of the kind that is being done at Niagara Falls. Briefly stated, it includes, first, a massive concrete gathering dam, which extends out from the river bank, and curving upstream thrusts its arm boldly, for a distance of 700 feet, into the deep and swiftly rushing waters of the

A glance at the accompanying views of the unwatered bottom of the rapids and of the launching of a new section shows how extraordinarily difficult an undertaking this was.

When the cofferdam was completed and the river bottom laid dry, a concrete gathering dam, 33 feet in width and 26 to 33 feet in depth, was built out from the shore, the inshore end being located just below the intake of the wheel pit, and the dam extending out diagonally into the rapids for a distance of 700 feet. The crest of the dam is somewhat lower than the surface of the water, for which it will act as a weir or spillway. The crest of the dam at the inshore end is built at a lower level than the rest of the structure, this being done in order to insure that there shall be a steady and somewhat swift current sweeping past



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WHEELPIT.

rapids; second, a vast wheel pit, with hydraulic turbines at the bottom connected to electric generators located in a magnificent power station above at ground level; and, third, a tail-race tunnel which has been carried in a direct line beneath the river, 150 feet below its surface, to discharge the spent waters at the base of the perpendicular wall over which the Horseshoe Falls descend.

Not a little of the expense and difficulty attending this great work was due to the necessity of building out into the rapids a massive cribwork cofferdam, with which to thrust the rushing waters of the rapids aside, and uncover the river bottom preparatory to building thereon the concrete gathering dam.

The construction of this work in

the outer row of submerged arches through which the water will flow into the tubes leading to the wheel pit. The effect of this current will be to carry floating ice and general debris clear of the intakes. It is exceedingly important that the water that enters the penstock, as the large tubes leading down to the turbines are called, should be kept clear of floating debris; for if this should pass through it would not only cause rapid wear and possibly the wrecking of the water turbines, but it would set up serious friction and greatly impair their efficiency. In order to prevent this, the intakes, of which there are two, consist of two parallel walls of heavy concrete carried up on submerged arches. The artificial current created in the forebay by the lowering of the inshore end of the



BOTTOM OF THE NIAGARA UPPER RAPIDS, UNWATERED.



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gathering dam, as above described, causes the ice and drifting debris to be swept safely clear of the submerged arches on which the wall is carried. After passing through the two parallel rows of submerged arches, the outer one of which is practically a continuation of the shore line of the river, the water flows through a screen, which effectually catches any of the finer debris. Opening into the inner forebay on the inshore side of the rack are eleven steel penstocks to 1-2 feet in diameter, which conduct the water to the bottom of the wheel pit.

A Delayed Flight.

HERE was once a young robin who wanted to fly. He sat in his nest with three brothers and sisters, his occupation being to conceal within his elastic person as many worms as came his way. Being the brightest one of the bunch, he was regarded with marked favor by his hard-working, lawn-listening parents.

"Alama," he remarked one day, "when do you think it would be wise to venture forth into the unknown world?" His mother eyed him critically. "You must first," she remarked, "read a book on the theory and practice of aerostation."

"Is this necessary?" remarked the young robin, plaintively, as he observed his sister Jane, who was already being neglected, beginning to practise the double-wing flap. "It is, indeed," replied his mother, severely. "You have genuine talent, and you cannot expect to accomplish anything unless you consult authorities. Read eight pages a day."

So the young robin gave a supercilious look at the rest of the family, put on a pair of spectacles, and settled down to cultivate himself. In a short time he became very much absorbed in his studies.

"I perceive," he remarked to himself, "that there is a good deal more in this flying business than I had any idea of. Indeed, it involves all the ultimate problems of philosophy. First I must train my mind to think, then I must go over what is already known on the subject, after which I shall be in a position for original investigation."

skip from bough to bough without missing a stroke. Pa and ma were nowhere to be seen. But a monstrous cat on a near fence was looking suspiciously complacent.

"I guess," said the young robin, "it is about time for me to get a move on. Let's see, in order to retain a sustained equilibrium I must consider Smith's law and also the resistance of certain ratios of density."

He paused fearfully and looked over the edge of the nest.

"Hey, brother Charles!" he called to his brother below. "How did you get down there?"

"Flew," said brother Charles, calmly, as he took a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, and pulled out about a yard of dessert.

"But, brother Charles, didn't you read any of these books before you learned to fly?"

"Not much. I didn't have time." "Say, brother, I'm getting very hungry. Couldn't you pass up a piece of that worm?"

Brother Charles sliced off a few inches with his bill, and, by getting a good moving start, carried it to the flower of the family.

"My boy," he said, "let me give you a piece of advice. This is my last call. Do you want to enjoy yourself living?"

"Yes, brother." "Then learn to fly by flying, and not by reading about it. You'll take chances at first, but you'll get there."

"But aren't these books of any use at all?" Brother Charles leaned up against the bark and smiled wisely. "Sure!" he observed. "Throw 'em at that cat!"

TOM MASSON, in *Life*.

A Desired Change.

"How would you like to hear your children crying for bread, sir?" impudently the beggar. "I'd welcome the change," said the man, hurrying on; "they're forever crying for candy now!"

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The Drama.

DURING the early half of this week the farcical romance called *The Duke of Killcrankie*, by Robert Marshall, was played at the Princess Theatre for the first time in Toronto, and it is safe to prophesy that those who were fortunate enough to watch the unsmooth course of the Duke's true love will be only too glad to see it a second time. *The Duke of Killcrankie* is a draught of vintage rare, "with beaded bubbles winking at the brim." There is not a dreary moment in one of the three acts, although there are two young men in a chronic state of proposal. One feels deeply grateful to Captain Marshall for devising a farce so full of wit and novelty. *His Grace the Duke of Killcrankie* is in love with Lady Henrietta Addison, the daughter of the Countess of Panbourne. The mother naturally favors the ducal suitor, but the Lady Henrietta has other views, and is not frantically fond of strawberry leaves. Mr. Henry Pitt-Welby, M.P., is also in love, in a mild fashion with Mrs. Mulholland, in an ardent fashion with the fortune left by the late Alfred Mulholland, who made his millions in glue, a respectable but sticky substance which adheres to the memory of society and gives his widow many a moment of discomfort. She, also, treats the would-be successor of Alfred the glue king with scorn, which depresses only temporarily the buoyant spirit of Mr. Welby, who leaves his worries to his creditors and occasionally borrows the Duke's cheque-book. That romantic nobleman, having been taunted with his lack of decision and daring, resolves on the mad plan of carrying off the Lady Henrietta to his castle in the north and detaining her until she is willing to become a duchess. By means of a false telegram and a bribe to the guard on the express from Perth, he succeeds, while Mr. Welby deceives Mrs. Mulholland to the castle to act as chaperon. As the Lady Henrietta and the glue king's widow have been on the frostiest terms in London they are not "so pleased" to meet, and the supper at Crag-o'-North is a deliciously absurd affair, during which the feline nature which every woman is capable of displaying comes to the surface and the two men cower in dismay while the women indulge in venomous personalities "across the walnuts and the wine," for those luxuries are not left to the consumption of the Duke and his accomplice. How it all comes right in the end is a delightful story which goes merrily on without a hesitating moment. The dialogue has a subtle sparkle which is as refreshing as it is unusual, while the swift and spirited action preserves it from being a "talky" play. Miss Rose Coghill plays the part of Mrs. Mulholland with a vivacity and vigor that show no signs of flagging. As the "reluctant" of the "glue person" she makes one reflect that, while a little widow is a dangerous thing, a large widow in earnest is simply inevitable. Miss Mina Phillips, as Lady Henrietta Addison, plays effectively the part of the "quite contrary" maiden whose heart is to be won by stratagem only. Mr. Lynn Pratt makes a handsome and attractive aristocrat, whose speech is more brisk, and whose movements are more energetic than would fulfill Laura Jean Libbey's idea of so exalted a personage. Mr. Wallace Erskine as Mr. Henry Pitt-Welby is the most amusing of them all, and rises to the height of brilliant stupidity as he endeavors to comply with the caprices of his widowed sweetheart. Long life to *His Grace the Duke of Killcrankie*, for he has brought us enough laughter to last a week. The orchestra is beginning to play up and take notice, and the xylophone performance meets with favor. The criticism has frequently been made, more in sadness than in wrath, that the orchestra is enough to drive any audience to drink. Well, either the orchestra is improving or the champagne flavor of *The Duke of Killcrankie* has been the refreshment required, as the audience sits with approving smile through the *Carmen* selection. The scenery of the play is picturesque, while the gowns—one is described as a dream of maize velvet and another as a poem in moonlight blue.

The Grand this week has been presenting to crowded houses the comedy *David Harum*. As a provoker of hearty and innocent mirth and laughter, it is one of the greatest successes on the road to-day. It will tempt the most soured pessimist into a smile in spite of himself, for it is essentially a play of laughter, that true human laughter which is akin to tears. The play preserves better the flavor of the original novel than most dramatizations of fiction. In fact the portrayal of *David Harum*, the Homeville banker, the village Socrates, with his idiosyncrasies and quaint, incisive phrases, gains rather than loses by transference to the stage. The character in itself is a strong one and affords great opportunities to an actor of originality and verve, but in weaker hands than Mr. Turner's it would not have appealed so irresistibly to the audience. It is a character which has a tremendous fascination for the ordinary healthy-minded man, though perhaps not for the aesthetic nurtured in a hot-house of literary exotics, for it is typically American and genuinely human. *David Harum* possesses true humanity with no taint of cant or affectation. He represents a type which, though rare, is fortunately known by experience to most of us, and does good unostentatiously, recking not of praise or blame. Many men parade and exaggerate their virtues, and it is refreshing to the spirit occasionally to see a man, like *David Harum* concealing and belittling them. He stands out in strong light over against Zeke Stowinsky, the village usurer, who cloaks his exactions with benevolent maxims. As he himself says, he claims to be nothing more than a Man, and he has his share of weaknesses and failings. He cannot resist doing *Deacon Perkins* in a horse deal; yet, whether it be true or not that the ethics of horse-dealing are not those of average morality, we cannot help but laugh when the deacon is beaten at his own trade. The sight of that worthy "pillar of the church" with the bawky horse in the driving rain is too ridiculously tragic for anyone to keep a straight face. *Dece* reminds one strongly of Mr. Pickwick as he sits mopping his shiny brow, his face beaming in smiles. Like Dickens's creation he has a hobby, which is horses. The horse-talk in which he indulges on all occasions shows the enthusiast and allows him to make some quaint and curious similes and metaphors. As the play progresses we gain a deeper insight into the character of the genial, whimsical old banker, and his pathetic recital of his early struggles and of the first kindness he received, and his generous treatment of the *Widow Cullom* form a most effective denouement.



The latest picture of Olga Nethersole, the English actress who brings her London company to the Princess on Monday to present Paul Hervieu's widely discussed play *The Labyrinth*.

ment. The comedy ends in the traditional manner with an anticlimax and a scene of rejoicing and festivity. Of course *David Harum* is the character par excellence of the play, but some of the subordinate roles are portrayed with much spirit and truth, notably those of *Chet Timson*, *Dick Larabee*, *Aunt Polly* and *Mary Blake*. *Aunt Polly* is the domestic tyrant of *Dave's* home and lords it over him with an absolute authority that makes even him respect her carpets and her edicts re foot-wiping. The character is interesting because true to life. *Aunt Polly* is by no means a scold, for her sympathy and good-heartedness are always apparent. She is one of the most charming sketches in the play. The love passages between *John Lennox* and *Mary Blake* are handled with a delicateness and restraint that is delightful in these days of florid stage sentimentalism. Miss Winslow, who played *Mary Blake*, struck me as an actress of more than ordinary grace and talent. The repression and quiet reserve she exercised in an emotional role was more effective than the lachrymose hysteria we usually see. Throughout the whole play the atmosphere of the country village is faithfully preserved. The village characters and the scenery all give a true, wholesome rural picture, and it is hard to find anything at which to cavil either on the score of naturalness or comic effect. All theater-goers who like legitimate comedy devoid of meretricious methods, who prefer to be coaxed rather than startled into a laugh, and pleased with old truths rather than surprised with novelties, will find *David Harum* a green oasis amid the barren desert of the jingling musical comedies, ineffable problem plays and mock-heroic tragedies of to-day.

Those who enjoyed the feature of the city girls in the *Prince of Pilsen* are pleased with the performance of Truly Shattuck and her sisterhood of city maidens at Shea's Theater this week, the walk of the Toronto girl being the most attractive aspect of a striking number. Foy and Clark are old favorites and give a highly entertaining performance in which Toddie's friend, Jonah, is the hero of a realistic marine sketch. The ventriloquist, A. O. Duncan, is happy in most of his jokes and not so fortunate in a few overdrawn remarks. Charles Serra does clever acrobatic work and the Nichols Sisters are addicted to coon songs which win loud applause. The Musical Johnsons are xylophone artists who play quite acceptably and Helen Reimer gives some unusual character sketches. The Pacheco Family do some tall tumbling and the kinetograph brings an interesting programme to a close.

New York Letter.

UNDER republican institutions, it would seem, minorities are not only disfranchised but clubbed into submission at the discretion of the police. This apropos of the fate of Mrs. Warren's *Profession*, which provided the dramatic sensation of the week and brought Mr. Arnold Daly so uncomfortably into the limelight. In fact, from the kind of notoriety it obtained the limit of the law should any attempt be made to put the "filthy" product on the stage. Meanwhile rehearsals went on diligently. The play was then taken to New Haven to be "tried out" preparatory to the New York presentation, and after one performance the virtuous mayor of the little New England town denied it a second hearing. Like Mr. Comstock he had not read the play nor seen it produced and "dogged" if he would.

This was the introduction then of Mrs. Warren's *Profession* to the New York public. For three days the air was charged with suppressed excitement. Even Jerome and the majority contest were all but forgotten. The house was sold out days in advance and sidewalk speculators were offering seats as high as thirty dollars for the first performance. Injudicious advertising had done its miserable work and the lawless, the lewd, the vulgar, came clamoring for admission to—they knew not what, only that it had been called "filthy" and "immoral." Imagine their later thoughts if you can, their disappointment and chagrin as they served their three-hour sentence of boredom, in addition to the fat fine they had paid at the door!

In America there is no King's Reader of Plays as in England—an office which Bernard Shaw declares was invented by Walpole to gag Fielding because of his exposure of parliamentary corruption, and still exists because of England's reluctance to change her habits. But in lieu of an official censor, in emergencies of this kind we designate a gentleman of about equal literary training and dramatic intelligence in the person of the Police Commissioner, who attends the production and reports. The result you know. Commissioner McArdoo decided that it was his "duty to prevent a future performance," and threatened arrest for any violation of his edict. The following night, therefore, found the Garrick closed, with a dozen burly policemen guarding the entrance—a sad reminder of the fact that the world is still governed by mechanical force and not by thought. Anthony Comstock's revenge was complete. And theatrical New York that has "stood for" Coney Island, the Roof Gardens, the *Whole Damn Family*, and every other conceivable form of vulgarity; that has accepted the coarse, the lewd, the indecorously suggestive, with an amiable shrug, refused its official sanction to this very frank discussion of a social evil. Consistency, thou art truly a jewel, albeit too expensive for ordinary wear.

It cannot be the subject of Mrs. Warren's *Profession* either, that is objected to, for we have had our *Camille*, our *Sappho*, and more recently the plebeian *Woman in the Case*. The *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* we do not name in the same company, because the Pinero play has more serious claims on our attention. But the "profession" itself has been done sentimentally or tragically since time was. And now that we propose to view it in an atmosphere of comedy with a little regard for values, artistic and moral, the official bars go up in protest. To make comedy of our familiar sins shocks us as it should, though the effect may be wholesome. Tragedy in the suffering it provokes too often provides atonement, not to say absolution, while the sentimental view leads us into pleasant if humiliating paths of self-pity. But the mirth we cannot share is pitiless. Only the pure in heart, we are told, can laugh, and if we cannot laugh what a depth of degradation we have disclosed. On the art side, too, the law of contrasts by which effects are heightened has not yet been repeated. But how can you argue these things with a policeman?

The conditions under which Mrs. Warren's *Profession* was given here, the terrible nervous tension, both of audience and stage, the intrusive presence of that element which an unfortunate notoriety had attracted, were unfair to either play or players. But underneath all this was the feeling that an issue had been drawn, that the die was cast and that old and new were in actual combat for the possession of the stage. And this made the night a memorable one. The situation as it presents itself, for instance, to Mr. Comstock and the police, is insignificant beside the broader aspects which involve the subservience of literature and the drama. And if the cause seems for the moment lost, one must not forget that human progress is necessarily slow and that all evolutionary theories impose great patience on the race. Whether the theater is to continue its character of make-believe or reflect actual life is a question that does not press for an immediate answer. Moreover, we have so long associated the drama with the romantic idea, even to the illusory form of its offering, that a deep-rooted prejudice naturally exists against any heretical disturbance of this sacred function. It is the appointed place to dream and forget the actual in the romantic or sentimental—when it is not something worse.

The question for the future is simply, shall the drama represent life as it is or as it ought to be?

Mr. Arnold Daly in his speech that night stated his case fairly when he asked that New York with its fifty theaters and a hippodrome, devoted to illusions of one kind and another, afford at least one House of Truth. A sort of post-graduate theater, he means, no doubt, where one might face truth and life somewhat as they are, free from romance, and more particularly free from the hypocrisies of conventional life; where the problems of life ethical and otherwise, cast in the dramatic mould, might be discussed without prejudice or passion. One would think that if a theatrical manager cared to take the pecuniary risk of such a doubtful enterprise—doubtful, I think, even in this great city of four million people—his reasonable request should not be denied. But the jury of critics have decided against a house of any other truth than their own.

And how about Mrs. Warren's *Profession*? To say that it is "filthy" or "indecent" is absurd. And to brand it as immoral is to go behind the play and attack the author's motive. If it be immoral its motive is either to stimulate our natural appetites, to engage our sympathies for this class of evil-doer, or to promote a general amiability of sentiment toward vice. Now the stage coquette who accompanies a discreet revelation of silk hose with knowing glances across the footlights may do all these things. But Mrs. Warren's *Profession*, stripping lust of its glamor, leaves us with a wholesome distaste of it all.

The entire case for Mrs. Warren is summed up in the second act, where for the moment she pleads successfully with *Vivie*, the daughter, for a little relaxation of her attitude toward her, in view of the conditions of her early life. Even the devil has his view-point, and to deny Mrs. Warren hers is, to say the least, timid. And Mrs. Warren's constitutes a social indictment against society in general and the sweating system in particular. Mrs. Warren is merely a product of our social system, this advocate would say, and her "profession" follows the line of least resistance (to her) toward affluence and luxury. As a girl she was a scrub-maid in a temperance restaurant on a mean wage, her only other asset a pretty face. Her sister, less beautiful, wore ermine and rode in a carriage.

Mrs. Warren has a grown-up daughter, *Vivie*—scholar and third wrangler at that—who has all the while been kept in ignorance of her mother's life. *Vivie's* father is likewise unknown but we who have laughed at Shakespeare's epigram on the "wise child," etc., for several hundred years, can hardly be shocked now. It is for *Vivie* that her mother has accumulated a fortune, in order that *Vivie* may not know poverty and the temptations that come to poverty. And what is the reward of the mother's sinful life? *Vivie* refuses to share one penny of the ill-gotten wealth, settles down to the study and practice of law, while the mother returns to her lonely world hugging the fruitless bags of gold.

Is the moralist's cup of revenge not yet filled and does he demand such further evidences as poison or a dagger? As a play Mrs. Warren's *Profession* has better acting qualities than some of the more familiar Shaw pieces, and *Vivie*, for instance, is a splendid dramatic possibility. Some of the situations, too, are provokingly funny, but that the play would ever prove of popular interest is doubtful. It is too serious for the vulgar understanding, and for that reason alone might have been safely left to its own fate. Its good taste—and this is where Mr. Shaw so often imposes unnecessary burdens on his friends—is perhaps open to reasonable question. Personally I must confess to a thorough enjoyment of the play, though I admit that the too non-conforming spirit may lead one into strange excesses—my admiration for Mr. Arnold Daly and his plucky fight, for instance.

If it seems to argue temerity to oppose the almost unanimous verdict of the New York press, one has only to remember that the daily press has obligations to established conventions which it cannot ignore, and that in its ethical conclusions it is practically as orthodox as any pulpit. Politically, of course, its morality—but we forbear. And as Bernard Shaw says, it is not a question of morals, but of taboo.

To hint that Mr. Daly made the effort for gain is unworthy of his detractors. Under no circumstances would he have continued to act the piece before the class of people who might be attracted by vulgar notoriety. It was as much a crusade for the freedom of the stage as anything, and while his judgment in underestimating the prejudices arrayed against him may have been at fault, the moral enthusiasm that led him to face the trying ordeal should prove an inspiration to dramatic art.

J. E. W.

The Boy With the Sore Toe.

Of course you've seen him. Mayhap you've been the lad himself—the boy with the sore toe.

How proudly he exhibits that toe to his chums, often turning it to good account commercially, coining his suffering into marbles and tops and chalk and keel and what not. "I'll show you my sore toe for a bite of your apple." Done. "Gimme that glassie for a look at my sore toe." Done. That wounded member is a full glass tender, irredeemable "fiat" currency until Mother Nature tires of the farce and heals the sore toe.

Seriously, now, aren't we Americans in the political sore-toe stage? Isn't all this cry of graft, the shame of our cities, the infamy of our states, in great measure a boyish showing of sore toes? True, maybe, the nail has been knocked off, and the wound festering and ugly to the sight. But don't we show it rather exultantly, rather proudly? And don't we turn it into coin of the realm, too, this showing of political sore toes?

The boy outgrows his joy over festering sores. So shall we, by and by, tire of talking about and exposing "graft"—and try to cure it.—Tom Watson's Magazine.



MR. H. B. IRVING.

Son of the late Sir Henry. Mr. Irving's fine production of *Hamlet* has caused the critics to predict as great a career for the son as that of the father.

J. E. BROWNLEE,
President.

The "Bob" at Victoria '05.



ROBERT.

LONG ago, when the "Fathers of Confederation" were sprightly young statesmen and Victoria College students met in the town of Cobourg, now sacred to the summer tourist from the Land of Dixie, the "Bob" was instituted. For more than thirty years it has been held as an annual celebration which displays the foibles of the Freshmen in the light of Sophomore wit and wisdom. It is peculiar to Victoria College and wherever the graduates of that institution meet, on the slopes of Greenland's icy mountains, amid the pinky splendours of India's coral strand or as they are rolling down the sands of Africa's sunny fountains, reminiscences of the "Bobs" of yore are fondly recited and the fine old jokes of the vintage of '78 and '84 uncorked.

This year the prospects of the "Bob" looked dark, for the authorities were seriously considering its abolition, because it was accused of wasting the time of some students and hurting the feelings of others. So a modified "Bob" was decided upon with less elaborate preparation than in former years, and on Friday, November 3rd, the "Bob" of 1905, the thirty-third event, was held in the hall of Victoria College.

If you ask me whence these legends and why this name, there is but one answer—"Robert"—who has been janitor of the college for more years than one cares to count, and who is likely to look after the material comfort of the students for many winters to come. Every one who lives in the vicinity of Queen's Park knows Robert and his quaint philosophy gathered from the varied experiences of a lifetime among students. Eloquent pastors and dignified judges nay, the Speaker of the Ontario Legislature himself, are but grown-up boys to Robert, who still speaks of them as "nice young gentlemen" and can seldom be beguiled into

"Bifel that in that sesoun on a daye,
In Toronto, at Victoria, as I seye,
At night was come into that hostelrye
Ful five and se-enty in a compaignye
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
In felowshipe and freshmen were they alle
Of verdaunt hewe alle and everichon
As I you wil enow devise anon."

The members of the "Bob" committee, Messrs. J. E. Brownlee, C. E. Kenny, R. P. Stockton, E. G. Sanders, P. J. Knox, A. Foreman, P. W. Barker, W. A. McCubbin, W. N. Courtice, W. J. Cass, G. C. Raymer and E. W. Roland were the twelve good men and true chosen to give a verdict on freshmen vanities. The first two numbers consisted of scenes from *The New Mephisto*, in which characters resembling members of Class '09 were chased about by a most realistic devil, who in everyday life answers to the eminently respectable and historic name of Knox. The audience thoroughly enjoyed these mystic rites as the scarlet-robed Mephisto frisked after Freshmen and drove them into a place that glowed in most orthodox fashion. The third feature introduced *San Sculpture*, in the course of which a showman, Mr. Ernest Trueman, displayed for the benefit of *Hooligan*, known to his familiars as Mr. Ernest Bowles, various scenes in the life of the Freshman, while Mr. Fitzroy, as presented by Mr. David Hewitt, proved himself "no end of a chap" as an interlocutor of the Dundreary order. It was extremely clever work, and the spectator wondered where the boys learned it all. Could it be possible? But no! Victoria is the happy hunting-ground for many theologues, and of course that small aside about Mr. Willard, assisted by two venerable professors, taying the corner stone of a college theater was merely a Sophomore dream.

The *Saga of King Robert* is an unchanging feature, otherwise the "Bob Song," composed by an illustrious Victorian, and given this year by Mr. Percy Punshon, who sang many and merry stanzas of the ways of Freshmen and the arts that beguile them. *Green Goods* and *The Dogsnos* were animated features, the latter introducing an excited

They brought their slates along to do their sums on
And had a book with all the letters in.
They thought that surely there should be a recess,
'Cause they had brought along their tops to spin;
They talked and even ate apples right in classes,
And were surprised that they were not kept in."

The chorus appeared to create peculiar joy and ended with:

"To the Registrar sure they did go,
Their greenness to him they did show.
They show it, you bet—that they are green yet—
Like the shade of the green apple tree."

The sketches and pencillings of Mr. McConnell cleverly depicting the career of a theologian from cradle to pulpit and the vagaries of certain Naughty-Niners received clamorous applause, and then from the stairs came the refrain:

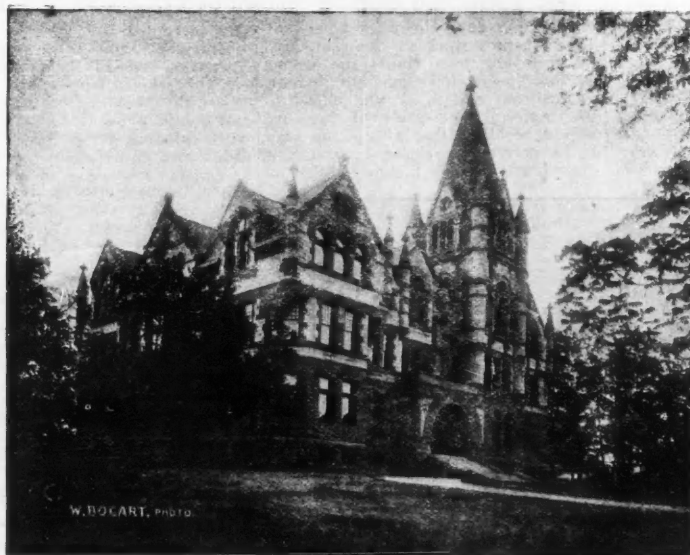
"Oh, we hold the Bob to-night
Just to set the Freshies right.
Teach them some manners and give them advice,
Polish their angles and make them look nice,
For as yet they seem so crude
That we almost think them rude;
But we love them, we do, and their faults will be few
Ere they close their eyes to-night."

To Robert there was a tribute of rare excellence of which the refrain was:

"The Seniors all adore him and the Juniors follow close,
The Soph'mores they respect him, the Freshmen love him most.
Hurrah! hurrah for Robert, for he's the friend of all,
Hurrah! hurrah for Robert, may blessings on him fall!"

The reception in Alumni Hall showed that the Naughty-Niners were a sadly maligned class, those young men proving to be "entirely human" beings possessed of good manners and modesty, while the Sophomores dropped the rôle of censor and were most genial hosts. The college yell had always been a curiosity to me, and while such unconventional but pleasing vivands as pumpkin-pie and puffed-rice were being consumed I besought an extremely considerate young man to spell some of them for my benefit. I accumulated five yells, two of which may be quoted. The slogan of '06 consists of:

Hykey, Pykey, Hykey, Pykey,
Rickety, Rautkey, Roo,
Naughty-six, Victoria,
Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurroo!



VICTORIA COLLEGE.

R. P. STOCKTON,
Treasurer.C. E. KENNY,
Secretary.

telling anecdotes which in any way reflect upon their present decorum. When talking of the old days when there were no women students, Robert was asked his views on co-education. "All ladies are lovely" was the discreet and diplomatic reply. One could imagine Victoria College without any other authority, but it would not be "Oul Vic" with Robert away. His good nature is as unfailing as his "wise saws and modern instances." In the '70's, then, a benefit for Robert was given in November and the programme consisted of quips at the expense of the Freshmen, this disciplinary entertainment being intended to form a kind of hazing. Victoria College came to Toronto and set up house-keeping in a brown-stone front in Queen's Park, but the "Bob" wanted not.

On the evening of November 3rd, therefore, I found myself, on payment of fifty-three cents, in possession of a bright green ticket bearing a crimson coat-of-arms and "Victoria—'05," for the Sophomore class is always the "cast." The annual fee kept increasing, and is now, I believe, fixed at the price mentioned. Usually the Freshmen are required to bring "coppers," but this year the wily members of '09 hit upon the original plan of presenting promissory notes and these interesting documents were handed to the "man who took the tickets" until he held a fat sheaf of Freshmen's promises to pay. The large hall of the college was weirdly illuminated by green-shaded lights, from which ghastly-faced pumpkins were suspended. A stage had been erected at the west end of the hall and a curtain of brown cambric was drawn sombrely across. The battle was not to be altogether to the strong, for in one corner a large band of Freshmen had ensconced themselves with the intention of rendering songs of their own composition. Unmelodious horns were

young man suffering from a heart complaint which led him, to recite frenzied verse about "Mary and Susie and Helen," also a football maniac and a very youthful person afflicted with swelled head. *The Owl's Nest* was a mock faculty meeting, in which students personated members of that august body and considered various novel measures, among them being the institution of a faculty yell. The said incantation was unanimously carried, but as it contained "swever words" a hiatus had better be observed for the sake of the really truly faculty. A lately-appointed professor, it is said, gave his Freshman class an essay to write in epistolary form. After that came a deluge of love-letters, which occasioned much woe and embarrassment. It may be a wicked fabrication, but the alleged incident was good enough to be true and afforded the Sophomore material for prolonged mirth.

Friendly Finance meant the presentation to Robert of the proceeds of the evening's entertainment, and that worthy man received the promissory notes of the Freshmen and the silver of the Unfresh with an ease cultivated by more than a quarter of a century of such experience. Robert's reply began with an epigram directed towards the chairman: "Some men are born lucky, but Mr. Starr was born a gentleman," and continued in the same original strain. If there were only more Roberts our legislative and pulpit oratory might be something more than the uninspired material it often seems. There succeeded the unearthly music of class yells, after which most of the audience departed, leaving Class '08 to entertain their guests at a reception in Alumni Hall.

The Freshmen's songs had formed harmonious interludes during the programme, and of these a few snatches may be given. The song which every Victoria man has al-

The Naughty-Niners have a cry too terrible to be presented in type, but the Sophomores enter the fray to the music of:

Tick-a-rick, Tick-a-rick,
Tick-a-rick-a-roo,
Zickety-zackety,
Zickety-zoo,
Ayety, Ayety, Ayety, Ah,
Naughty-eight, Naughty-eight, Victoria!

The only member of the faculty to address the students was Dr. L. E. Horning, who, despite the fact that he was "bobbed" twenty-five years ago, is very much a boy, and expressed himself to that effect. It would be quite impossible for anyone who has made the awful mistake of beginning to feel old to enjoy the "Bob" for it is essentially a good time according to youthful ideas—noise and good nature and "any amount of fun." The "Bob" of 1905 certainly seemed to the onlooker a jolly and wholesome jubilation, which would brush away the freshies' verdancy, and also the cobwebs that had gathered on the wits of those who were Seniors long ago. Then the Class of '09 will have the exquisite pleasure next year of disciplining the Class of 1910. The girls, contrary to former custom, were exempt from criticism, but the cream of many jokes was skimmed from the social life of Annesley Hall where the men students are allowed to call until ten o'clock

on "a Friday evening." Taking it altogether, the "Bob" of 1905 was an excellent excuse for its continued existence.

MR. J. R. L. STARR,
Chairman of the "Bob" of 1905.

and the boys of Victoria sang *God Save the King* with a spirit and unity all too rare. J. G.

Making the Streets Att active.

We shall need to bestir ourselves more than we have done if we ever catch up with some of the cities in Europe, not in the less important, though none the less valuable, particular of municipal adornment. France and Belgium are far in advance of us in laws and regulations affecting bill-posting and other forms of public advertising, and also in the encouragement offered in various ways to private citizens to co-operate in the work of beautifying streets, parks, residences, and public buildings. An annual prize has been granted by the Paris Municipal Council for some years past for the most artistically designed house front, and recently a competition has been opened in Paris under the same auspices for the most artistic sign-boards, the prizes offered being sufficient to stimulate the efforts of the best living French artists. The possibilities lying in this direction of adding to the beauty and attractiveness of business streets are obviously very great. Such streets in our cities and towns might, in fact, be completely transformed from the ugliness which they too often present if some system could be introduced whereby signs of all sorts, on public and private buildings, at street corners, in street cars, and elsewhere, could be made harmonious, tasteful, and attractive. This transformation would not necessarily involve a large added expense, but chiefly the exercise of combined intelligence, effort and public spirit.

The Half-back Auction.

"What am I offered for this prime New England half-back?" asked the auctioneer briskly of the assembled managers and alumni. "Fresh from his prep school! A fine line buckler! Follows his interference like a leech! Weight, 170 stripped! Come now!" "Free tuition during his whole college course," cried the manager of the Yalevard eleven. "Free tuition," repeated the auctioneer, "during his whole college course. Do I hear free board? Remember, gentlemen! He has a record of sixty touchdowns in one season. Do I hear it?" "Free tuition and board for four years," shouted the Princeton manager, "and we'll toss in the college agency for Doper's cigarettes!" The auctioneer waved his gavel in preparation for the final bang. "Tuition, board and an agency," he shouted. "Do I hear free clothes? Remember! Half-backs are scarce! This one is guaranteed for four full years and a post-graduate course. Going at tuition, board and an agency. Going—I am astounded—going, go—" There was a rattle in the throng. A breathless man burst through. "Free tuition, board, an agency," cried the newcomer, "free clothes, rent free in Vandergould Hall, free text books, free trip to—!" "Gone!" shrieked the auctioneer. "He's yours. What name?" "Manager Hale University. Last June by graduation we lost our whole back field and six of the linemen. The honor of our alma mater is at stake." "Report for practice," he said to his purchase, "next Saturday morning in the gym. lot!"—Puck.

Somebody Had to Do It.

A young man in New England, who had been converted in a revival, tried very hard to have his brother join the church with him. "Bat, John," said his brother, "if both of us join the church, who's to weigh the wool?"

The face cannot betray the years until the mind has given its consent.

The man who never knows where he stands will not be likely to stand anywhere long.

Enough vital energy has been wasted in useless worry to run all the affairs of the world.



NAUGHTY NINERS.

heard on the stairs and no one sensitive to hideous interludes was entirely happy. Presiding over all this splendid unrest was Mr. J. R. L. Starr, upon whom had devolved the dangerous honor of acting as chairman, and who rose nobly to the responsibilities of his office, making a short speech and witty comments. Mr. Starr has also the physique for which the exigencies of the "Bob" seem to call.

The programmes were both artistic and suggestive, having a cover of Freshman green, topped with a triangular piece of white, inscribed "Bob's Cap, ye headgear of ye Freshman." The "Greeting" consisted of a clever adaptation of Chaucer's *Prologue*, concluding:

ways know is *The Old Ontario Strand*, and to its inspiring strains the Class of '09 rendered:

"Then sung aloud to Alma Mater
And keep the scarlet in the van;
For with her co'ors high Vic's name shall never die
On the Old Ontario Strand."

To the air of that classic concerning an apple-tree, the early course of the Freshman was thus described:

"They started right away to attend the lectures,
Glad to be at school once more again."



CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

Mr. Gibson has decided to give up pen-and-ink drawing and announces that he intends studying art in Europe with a view of becoming a great painter. In abandoning the medium through which he has become famous, he sacrifices a yearly income of \$65,000. Mr. Gibson is thirty-nine years of age. His drawings, familiar to every reader of the illustrated papers, are recognized as the best of their kind that have been published of late years.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited.



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THE "DOROTHY DODD" assortment is not confined to a few styles. It affords shoes all of leathers, in all leathers for any kind of service.

Probably there has never been such a diversity in beautiful designs as this season.

Blucher, Button and Lace effects, in Gun Metal Kid, Patent Leather, and soft, mellow Black Kid are all represented, faultless in fit, in the height of fashion, and economically priced.

One of the fashion writers has said that this season's styles of "Dorothy Dodd" Shoes possess to a degree of distinction that indefinable thing called "style." They seem to have the knack of making a dainty foot daintier and—so well proportioned are they—of giving a new poise to the body, and an easier and lighter step.

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NEW CANADIAN POETRY

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BY Grace MacGowan Cooke

Author of "Return," etc.

"The Grapple" is unique in the subject it deals with, namely, the struggle between capital and labor. The incidents on which the story is founded, were enacted in the Illinois coal region and are supplied by Mr. Vond Raed (a writer of Military stories) who was for three years in the clerical department of one of the large Mining Companies of that district.

The question is dealt with fairly and fearlessly and the result is, a book, not only instructive but intensely interesting. Do not miss it.

Cloth, \$1.50

The Copp, Clark Co., Limited.
Publishers, Toronto.

Cheap Excursion to New York.

The excursion of the season to New York will be on November 14th, via New York Central. \$10.25 for round trip, from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo, good to days for return. Covers date of New York Horse Show. Write or call on Louis Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, 60 1-2 Yonge street, Toronto, for full information.

A Natural Inference.

Six-year-old Fanny, just returned from Sunday-school, seemed to have something on her mind. "Mother," she said, after a while, "they must have had very large beds in Bible times."

"Why?" asked her mother. "Well, our teacher told us to-day that Abraham slept with his four fathers."

Quick Ways to Success.

The greatest failures that have been marked in the world are those due to shortsightedness, and those who want to obtain success by the shortest route must have that rare quality, foresight. It is the man who can foresee a situation, and prepare for it, who is to be the genius of his time.

Taking the man of yesterday who

made his success in the business world, it will be discovered that conversation was his chief virtue. He held fast by the traditions of his father. Most of these were good in his career. Change was not so strongly marked upon everything. To-day the young man must be willing to cast aside anything that has been taught him.

Receptiveness in the young man must always be essential to his success. But he should receive the new things that are proved, and not nurse the old things that are obsolete. Let yesterday take care of itself. To-day is big with opportunities, and tomorrow is richer still with unlisted things. Look ahead and not behind.

It's What You Think.

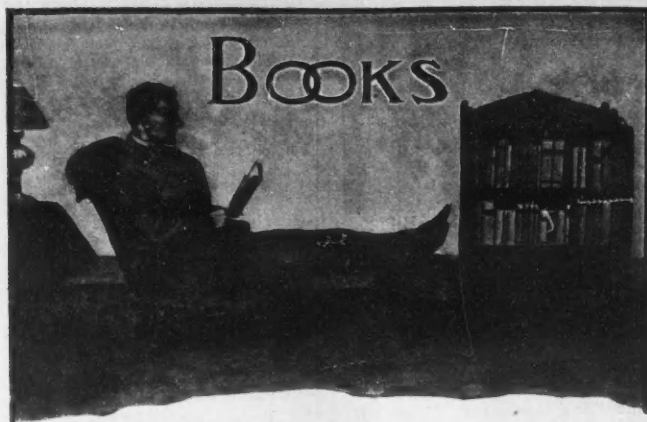
It isn't what you say, my son, It isn't what you do. That makes you what you are, my son.

That makes the thing called You.

It isn't what men say you are, Nor what you seem to be. For character that makes the man Men do not always see.

It isn't what you say, my son, It isn't what you do; It's what you think deep in your heart.

That makes the thing called You.



BOOKS

Autumn Leaves.

Flower and leaf of vine and tree,
Grass of meadow, weed of mire,—
Summer gathered them to be
Faggots for the Autumn's fire.

Smoke-like haze on vale and hill;
Flames of gold and crimson bright
Into life now leap and fill
Field and forest with their light.

All the glory of the year
Kindled into beauty so:
Soon the Winter will be here,
Soon the curfew—then the snow.

So these lovely leaves I lay
In my book, all gold and red;
Embers for a Winter's day
When the Autumn's fire is dead.

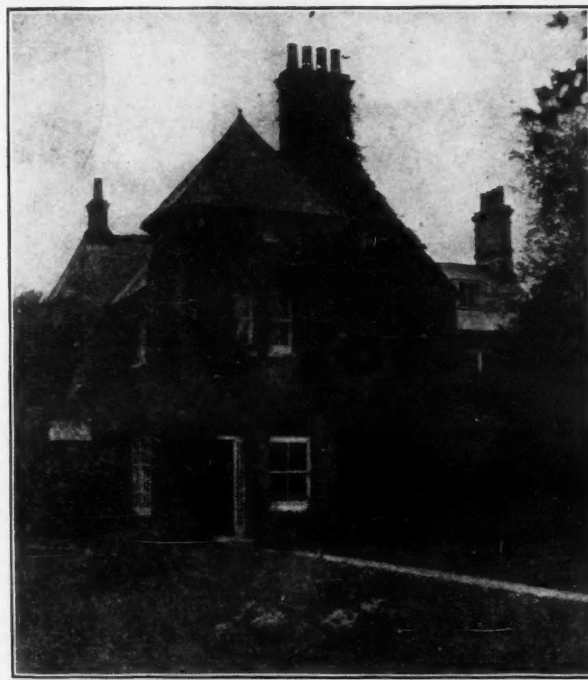
FRANK DEMETER SHERMAN.

The President's Post.

That industrious head of a great nation, President Roosevelt, is not content with haranguing women and incidentally urging peace upon the troubled Orient. He has lately taken upon himself the functions of literary critic, and has undoubtedly brought joy to the heart of Mr. Edward Arlington Robinson, whose collection of poems, *Children of the Night*, was published in Boston eight years ago, and in whose behalf President Roosevelt now raises the voice of eulogy. The poem, *The Wilderness*, which the Presidential criticism

"One cannot acquit Swift of an indecency which goes deeper than the use of coarse material; it is an indecency of the heart. . . . Such vast powers of mind scarcely any other English writer has possessed; and never was power so abused." Most of us will agree with his summary of Richardson's personal qualities: "Richardson is an old maid." But he is quite capable of doing justice to the author of *Pamela* as a literary force: "He introduces sympathy and pathos into English fiction. He investigates the human heart, not to sneer at its emotions, but to dignify them. Dr. Dawson is of the opinion, however, that Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* is the finest example of the sentimental novel in English literature. That the clerical critic is quite free from narrow judgment is clearly shown in the estimate: "No better model of pure, strong, nervous English can be found than in Fielding's pages." Neither is he deceived as to the nature of present proclivities when he declares "An age which permits Tolstoi and goes mad over Gorky can have little to say against Fielding and Smollett."

Justice is done the prim beauty of Jane Austen's work in the sentence: "Within her own limits she comes as near perfection as any human genius can, and those who object to the material, and scale of her art should recollect that a devdorp may be as perfect a creation as a star, a grass-blade may be fashioned with as



"MAX GATE," DORCHESTER. MR. HARDY'S WESSEX HOME.

singles out for special mention, is quoted at length in one of the magazines, and many readers have doubtless now given up trying to discover wherein its merit lies. Meretrically the poem is full of jolts and jars, but the eminent critic may believe in a Rough-Riding Pegasus. The New York *Evening Post* in feigned alarm says: "Mr. Roosevelt has lauded one of Badger's Boston bards; he has thereby given a grievance to the thousands unnamed. . . . This union of political and literary authority in a single man is a dangerous business."

The Makers of English Fiction.

Last week an English evangelist visited Toronto and conducted a series of religious services, and probably very few of his hearers knew that the speaker, Dr. W. J. Dawson, had written one of the best works of modern literary criticism, *The Makers of English Fiction*. From Daniel Defoe to Robert Louis Stevenson is a stretch of two centuries, yet it is not a far cry from *Robinson Crusoe* to *Treasure Island*.

Dr. Dawson, in his first chapter, refers to the need that arose for a better way of presenting a transcript of life to the reader than by the art of the dramatist. "What was wanted was a method more leisurely, an art more delicate, a broader canvas and more room. . . . Daniel Defoe was the first English writer to perceive the uses of the new method of imaginative expression." Referring to Defoe's coarseness, the author draws distinction which it would be well for this age to heed: "The question of coarseness must not be confounded with the question of immorality. It is quite possible for a book which possesses the utmost refinement of language to be much more perilous to innocence than a straightforward narrative of a vicious career, which is expressed in blunt and homely language."

In turning to the novel of sentiment the author makes more than a passing reference to Dean Swift, his most noteworthy criticism being:

high a skill as the most wonderful of tropic flowers. . . . She had the clearest eyes that ever detected the foibles of human character. . . . It may perhaps be but miniature-painting—a work of art wrought upon three inches of ivory. She has successfully contrived the apotheosis of the commonplace and clothed dulness with distinction."

In dealing with Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Dawson's foot is not on its native heath, and he does not give the reader a coherent idea of Scott's genius. *The Heart of Midlothian*; for instance, deserves to be recognized as the great throbbing work it undoubtedly is, while Dr. Dawson, though admitting that "nothing that Scott has done is so full of real power and pathos," is manifestly not in touch with the author. To Thackeray, however, he turns with swift sympathy, his chapters on the author of *Henry Esmond* being extremely fine in analysis and exposition. He says of his spiritual aspect: "Thackeray is the most religious of all English novelists. His ideal of religion is the ideal of the average Englishman of culture—a religion grave, sober, reticent, careful of decorum, averse to enthusiasm, respectful of usage, and in the main built upon solid virtues rather than speculative dogma." The final criticism on Thackeray's work is one with which most students of English fiction will heartily agree: "No English novelist has employed in the telling of his tale a style of such dignity, such purity and Dickens and real distinction."

The chapters on Dickens are written with an appreciation of the human aspect of the novelist's work, which has no doubt been intensified by the author's own knowledge of the depths of London life. He asks: "Where else is there a writer who has descended so deep into the underground world of a great city, the dim and populous infernos of lust and crime, and yet has brought us back to the daylight with nothing but pity in our hearts, and not a single impure image in our minds?" The estimate of the Brontës, especi-

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CEYLON TEA at 60c. per lb.

Cannot Be Equalled.

For sale by all first-class grocers.

Highest award St. Louis, 1904.

ally the paragraph on *Withering Heights*, is written with comprehension and vividness, but the author is not so happy in his dealing with George Eliot, into whose literary work he reads too much gloom and for whose life he professes an admiration somewhat overdrawn. He says: "Enough is known of what the real nature of that life was to excite both reverence and pity." The word "reverence" might surely be questioned, and such sickly stuff left to the slushy paragraphs of the "magazine for ladies." Calumny is undesirable, but, after all, a spade is a spade.

In the chapter on Charles Reade, that remarkable book, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, receives its due and the author makes a few luminous remarks with regard to realism which are worth quoting: "His was not the realism of Zola, which Stevenson describes as 'romance with the small-pox.' Realism is never offensive except when it is allied with radical lack of faith in human nature. The offence of Zola's art lies, after all, not so much in its material as in its spirit. . . . It is well to know the worst, but we should believe the best even while we know the worst, if our knowledge is not to dismay us and corrupt us."

Kingsley, Meredith, Hardy and Stevenson are the remaining novelists to whom tribute is paid, the Meredith chapter being a brilliant and subtle piece of literary criticism with color to equal some of Meredith's own coruscations. *The Makers of English Fiction* is an authoritative and illuminating book which ought to be read by every student of modern English prose. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company.)

The House of Mirth.

A conservative critic, writing of Mrs. Wharton's latest book, says: "It is too soon to say that *The House of Mirth* will take its place with the great works of fiction; it is not too soon to recognize its veracity, its power, its art." With due regard for the pitfalls awaiting the maker of sweeping statements, it may be said that Mrs. Wharton as a novelist has no rival on this side of the Atlantic unless it be Mr. W. D. Howells, and Mr. Howells' recent work is sad stuff, *The Kentons* being as purposeless rubbish as ever a gifted man wrote in a Scotch mist of the understanding.

The House of Mirth, in its literary workmanship, is delicate, compact, complete. There is an occasional use of an expression for which a simpler Saxon word might be substituted, but it would be difficult to leave out a sentence or to condense a paragraph without marring the effect. There is nothing useless in the book and all parts fit so perfectly that the line of meeting is invisible. The art which conceals the art is at last Mrs. Wharton's acquisition. Good as her work has always been heretofore there has been a touch of consciousness, a betrayal of painstaking that distracted the reader's attention. But the present book is so perfect in composition that one has no thought for style or structure until the last echoes from *The House of Mirth* die away. Even after the book is closed there is the tribute of pause and silence as at the ceasing of a haunting melody or the fall of the curtain upon *Becket's* tragedy.

It is quite true, as the critic of the *Outlook* has pointed out, that "every one in the story is vulgar, heartless, uninteresting, or immoral." But ignoble as the characters may be, there is an utter absence of sordid or mean traits in the book itself. It is a study of the vacant-minded rich whose "amusements were cheap, their interests few and rapid, their life insufferably stupid." *Lily Bart*, the heroine, seems to be moved inexorably towards her pitiable end. She is the victim of her own vacillation, for she has neither courage nor convictions, and if she were not so daintily beautiful, her toil in a millinery shop would hardly be incongruous. She is selfish, but not to a degree to command success; she is romantic, but not to the point of surrender; she is a gambler without a gambler's pluck; she neglects to seize the main chance and yet she fails to appreciate the "subtle thing called spirit." Physically she is ethereal but a world of *pâte de foies gras* and American Beauty roses is her ideal existence. She is almost guilty of blackmail and other unpleasant practices and she might b

less irritating if she were more frankly depraved.

Selden and Gerty Farish are more nearly refined and sincere than any other characters in the story, but they are colorless beside *Rosalind* and *Mrs. Dorset*. Mrs. Wharton's description of *Gerty* is in her most discerning vein: "Miss Gertrude Farish, in fact, typified the mediocre and the ineffectual. If there were compensating qualities in her wide, frank glance and the freshness of her smile, these were qualities which only the sympathetic observer would perceive before noticing that her eyes were of a workaday grey and her lips without haunting curves. Lily's own view of her wavered between pity for her limitations and impatience at her cheerful acceptance of them. To Miss Bart, as to her mother, acquiescence in dinginess was evidence of stupidity; and there were moments when, in the consciousness of her own power to look and to be so exactly what the occasion required, she almost felt that other girls were plain and inferior from choice. Certainly no one need have confessed such acquiescence in her lot as was revealed in the 'useful' color of Gerty Farish's gown and the subdued lines of her hat: it is almost as stupid to let your clothes betray that you know you are ugly as to have them proclaim that you think you are beautiful."

In this alarming study of a section of society Mrs. Wharton does not preach at all—she depicts and leaves whatever lesson is to be learned to the temperament of the reader. The chief reflection is not "how bad these people are!" but "how dull and uninspired the best of them seem!" Nothing of the finest in music, literature or art moves them at all. Cocktails, bridge and silk-lined gowns are what life means for the women, and the men exist on a somewhat lower plane. It is all so grossly material that one turns to a *Miranda* on her lonely island with a sudden sickness of the dressmaker, the milliner and the bridge party. *Lily Bart* is only better and weaker than other women of her class, and so she makes fine sport for the gods. Poverty and work are impossible to her, but she will not pay the price for more luxurious conditions. Plain living and high thinking are not for her and choral is as good a solution as any other for the eternal problem.

There is only one other novel published this year that can be placed with *The House of Mirth*, and that, also, is by a woman. In *The Divine Fire*, by Mrs. Sinclair, there is the story of Rickman's redemption from the vulgar and the base through his great love for a woman who is all strength and sweetness. But *Lily Bart* can find no support in herself or her associates except in a girl who emphasizes the dinginess but detests. The book is anything but didactic, yet the least observant reader can appreciate the critic's conclusion: "Without religion, art, literature, music, society always degenerates." Mrs. Wharton's best work is in *The House of Mirth*, and there is no more delicate and discriminating novelist interpreting the social types of the day than the woman who has pictured *Lily Bart's* career. (Toronto: William Tynrell & Company.)

Notes.

Tristram and Isolt is a theme which has been so exquisitely treated that an extremely modern poet might be afraid to approach it. But Martha W. Austin has written a drama in blank verse on this subject from the Mallorcan text, filled with a poetic passion which justifies her effort. The effect of the brief play may be described in its own lines: "Scents of dead roses haunt the air. With perfume grown more poignant than a pain." (Boston: Richard G. Badger.)

It is difficult to believe this story from *Harper's Weekly*:

Some years ago a smart young woman, who delighted to tease an awkward country lad who sat next to her at a boarding-house table, asked him to write in her autograph album. He blushed and stammered, but finally wrote:

"Thy life—may nothing vex it—Thy years be not a few! And at thy final exit May the devil miss his due!"

"The boy's name was John G. Whittier." J. G.

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This can only be done efficiently by the VACUUM CLEANER which removes all dust by suction.

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The factory and all connected with it are scrupulously clean.

Ask your dealer for Stewart's.

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PERRIN GLOVES

Well Dressed Men

If you wish to have stylish gloves insist upon having

Perrin Gloves

They are really the finest gloves that money can procure, ask for Perrin French Kid Gloves, or Perrin English Capias, you will have the right thing, and you will ask for them again.

Your dealer sells them.  TRADE MARK

The Celebrated
English Cocoa.

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious
and Economical.

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The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of Mothers for their CHILDREN while TEething, with perfect success. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all pain, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind. 25 Cents a Bottle.

An Old and Well-tried Remedy

Cheap Rate to New York.

November 14th New York Central will run the excursion of the season to New York, good to days for return. Round trip from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo, \$10.25. Excellent opportunity to see the New York Horse Show in Madison Square Garden. Write or call on Louis Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69 1-2 Yonge street, Toronto, for particulars. Telephone Main 4361.

He Wanted to Know.

"You are, I take it," said the interviewer, "a self-made man. Your fortune is the product of your handicraft."

"Pardon me," said Senator Sorghum, placing his hand behind his ear, "did you say 'handicraft' or 'handy craft'?"

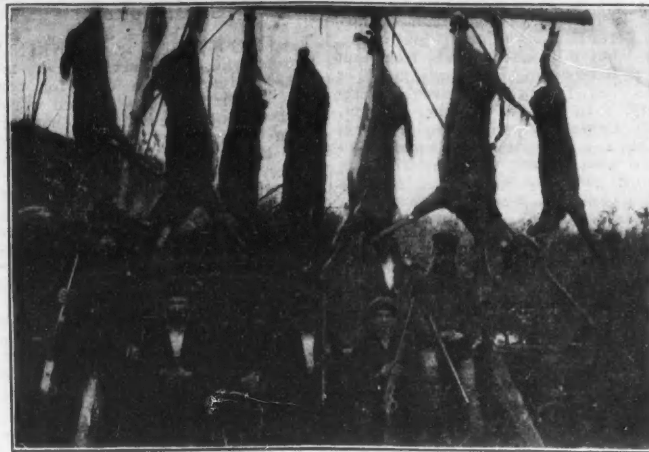
Lady Gay's Column

TWO women were talking, and said one: "Don't you think there's trouble enough in this world? Well, why do you want to make more?" It's just as easy and so much safer and wholesomer to make a bit of happiness. Never mind what made her say that, it was a wise and lovely thing. It may have been that someone had a tale to bear, an unkind speech or a sharp criticism to repeat, a slight to resent or a suspicion to arouse, any one of those things one sees making a little more trouble in this crooked old world, any one of those things you and I may have set in our way, any day. I believe I shall always hear that pleasant remonstrance, "Don't you think there's trouble enough? Why make more?" and that good little alternative, "Make a bit of happiness!" It's so true that maybe some of you don't believe it!

I once heard of a nice thing a woman chum of mine did! She wrote for a certain paper in the North. One day someone sent her another paper from the South with one of her own articles printed in it, credited to another woman, who was on the staff of the Southern paper. This, it appeared, had been going on for some time until the Northern friend, traveling South, found the paper, recognized the article, made enquiry and was indignant enough at the fraud to make the Northern journalist acquainted with it. That one wrote a remonstrance, I forget whether it was torrid or temperate, and threatened further action. Up from the South came a plaintive plea for pardon, the woman admitted the theft of the column week by week, but begged for mercy; she was poor, she wasn't brainy, and she got her living by poaching on the Northern preserves. It was a pitiful sort of letter, after all, and that Northern woman, who has a heart as big as a haystack, wrote back that the thief was perfectly welcome to steal her work for all time, and nothing more should be said. I have never asked her whether the piracy went on, but I've always remembered and admired her big-hearted compounding of the felony!

Whenever the custom officers get after a smuggler, the female world has a tremor, for there's scarcely a woman traveler who hasn't smuggled sometimes. The other day a lady was telling her escort at a dinner of the kindness of a friend who had smuggled her some valuables from Europe. One of the waiters trotted down to the Custom House the next day and gave information which had the most disconcerting results for the amiable smuggler. I think it was about the smallest thing I ever heard of. A thin old gentleman, with a loose, baggy ulster, once crossed into the other country; he came back next day, a portly old party, whose coat fitted him to a nicety, buttoned over a sumptuous satin and lace wedding robe, which was worn subsequently in this glorious Canadian climate. Alarm clocks have been smuggled often enough, I dare say, but it's not often the clerk winds one up just in time to have it start whirling as the smuggler passes the custom officer, as once reduced us to hysterics on a crowded wharf. A polite clergyman once put a contraband package in his top-hat, and as ill-luck would have it, met a very cherished lady parishioner on the dock, when his speedy salute was his immediate undoing! The saddest instance of "give away" I ever saw occurred one night while I and many others were coming from the States to Canada by water. A bride-elect confided to several passengers her clever arrangements for eluding the duty on several suits of lingerie of high value. A quiet, determined, tall female waited until the boat neared the Canadian wharf, then requested the astonished passenger to step into the ladies' cabin. There were doings (and undosings), and when we left the boat there was a forlorn and weeping bride-elect in the gangway, and a beautiful pile of lace and lawn on the table in the ladies' cabin, over which the tall "spotter" grimly stood guard. I should have very willingly been one of two to sit upon that grim female while the bride-elect repossessed herself of her pretty things and escaped, but no one would be the other one. Every girl on the boat seemed glad she had been caught, which, perhaps, isn't to be wondered at in a world full of superfluous women.

What constitutes the right to a seat in a railway car? The other day a party of four went in to dinner in the dining-car, leaving their books, parcels and wraps in their seats, and on their return found everything piled higgledy-piggledy into one seat, while two girls occupied half of the section, which they had turned over. To a statement of their previous occupancy, coupled with the information to the new-comers that there was plenty of room in the next car, the latter remarked, "Well, go and sit there." Eventually, however, the intruders quailed under the disapproving glances of the passengers and consented to restore the quartette their places, taking quite a time to do so, however, and looking daggers at the rightful holders of the seats, who insisted on what they thought to be their rights. I should be glad to know whether there is a rule that the occupant of a seat in a car may leave it guarded by wraps and effects and expect to get it again after a meal, or must one tip a train man to see that no one takes a fancy to it during one's absence, meanwhile



THE GLENIFFER BRAES HUNT CLUB.
Three days' hunting near Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

pitching one's books, parcels and wraps in all directions?

De mortuis nil nisi bonum! Did you ever consider the case of the house fly, and deplore the bad days he has fallen upon? Talk about the requiem of the dying leaves, the dirge of the faded flowers—it's not a circumstance to the pathos of the passing of the house-fly! For the little fellow is sadly beset these chilly days; the little, busy, fleet torment has come to his retributive stage; he creeps slowly nearer to the genial gas jet, like some decrepit old rake to his club fire; his erstwhile exquisite little wings are too feeble to bear him on errands of mischief or plunder; he hasn't a buzz to his name! And some bright, frosty morn one finds him turned on his back, his dainty legs crooked in a convulsive chill, and one brushes him out of window, thankful that he no more exists to hum his monotonous tune, to desecrate the spotless places, to carry, as the doctors swear he does, the seeds of disease on his padded feet. Poor little dandy, in spite of the way one pitches into him and wires him out and spreads tempting poison for him, and tangle-foot papers, when he is in his heyday of devilment, there is a touch of pathos in his passing, frozen out on these cool autumn days, which exceeds the pathos of vegetable decay. Somehow, he is a very human little being, in his fussy, busy life, with a thousand dainty pretty ways we are too concerned in killing him to admire.

LADY GAY.

His Modesty.

"Please, sir, what's the fare from Dublin to Glasgow?" inquired Pat of the clerk at a shipping-office.
"Eighteen shillings," replied the latter.
"An' phat do ye charge fer a pig or a cow?"
"Oh, eighteen pence for a pig and three shillings for a cow."
"Well," directed Pat, "book me as a pig."

The King's Joke.

When King Edward was Prince of Wales, his habits and movements were marked by a simplicity which would doubtless characterize them still if he were not obliged, by reasons of state, to submit to another and more ceremonious existence. But in the days before His Majesty's accession, he was one day driving a dog-cart alone and unattended, when he encountered on a country road an old woman coming back from market, carrying a heavy basket. She seemed almost ready to drop, and the Prince stopped and talked to her. Then he offered to give her a lift, which the good dame gladly accepted. Chatting as they went, His Highness asked the old woman what she had in her basket. "Eggs, butter and vegetables, which I hope soon to find customers for," was the reply. "I like fresh eggs," said the Prince, "and if you let me have the lot I'll give you the portrait of my mother." The portrait of your mother! exclaimed the poor woman, in astonishment. "What good would that do me?" "Well, you never know," said the Prince of Wales, smiling; "just you let me have the eggs." And as they were nearing the old woman's cottage, His Highness laid his hand on the basket, took out half a dozen eggs and handed the astonished market-woman a gold coin bearing the effigy of the late Queen Victoria.

Youth and Age.

I asked my Pa a simple thing, "Where holes in doughnuts go?" Pa read his paper, then he said: "Oh, you're too young to know."
I asked my Ma about the wind, "Why can't you see it blow?" "Well, I would send for a physician," said Ma thought a moment, then she said: "Oh, you're too young to know."
Now, why on earth do you suppose they went and licked me so? Ma asked, "Where is that jam?" I said, "Oh, you're too young to know."

Her Preference.

In Keokuk, Iowa, there is a little girl with a very tender heart. Next door there lived a two-year-old baby, to whom she was warmly devoted, in child-mother fashion. When, one morning, her mother took her up very gently and told her that the baby girl had met with a terrible accident—that she had toddled out into the road and had been run over—the poor child cried in paroxysms all day and could not be consoled. In addition to her grief over the baby's death, the horror of the accident had impressed her deeply. Finally, towards evening, she quieted down through sheer weariness, and as she curled close in her mother's arms she murmured chokingly: "Oh, mamma, I hope when I die I'll die of a disease and not of a damage!"

Pa He Pays the Premium.

I wish my pa was one of these insurance presidents, for then Ma wouldn't ever have to tease for money for new clo's agen; Wed have a pailus built somewhere And I'd eat candy by the pound, And wed have lots of servants there To always follow us around, And ma sued never have to get Down on her knees to scrub the floor Or wash or cook the meals or fret Or keep on drudg'n any more.

If Pa was president of one Of these insurance companies Wed get our coal brought by the ton And never haft to nearly freeze Because the pie was gettin' low, And ma would never need to make Pa's pants fit me no more, you know, And we would live on pie and cake; But ma she's gettin' old and bent And all run down and kind of glum, For someone else is president And pa he pays the premium.

If Pa could have a job like that Ma says she wouldn't shed a tear Or haft to wear her last year's hat, And it would be like heaven here. Wed light the gas at 4 o'clock And mebbey let it burn all night, And everybody in the block Would talk behind our backs for spite, But ma she's gettin' grey and bent And thinks the worst is yet to come, For someone else is president, And pa he pays the premium.

Confidence Misplaced.

A pretty young woman slipped and fell on the steps of her father's house, spraining her knee. She dislocated doctors, but finally the knee grew so bad she was persuaded to call in medical aid. She would not have this doctor and that one, but said she would consent to have called in a certain spruce-looking young man carrying a homeopathic medicine case who passed the house every day. The family kept a sharp lookout, and when he came along called him in. The young lady modestly raised her skirts and showed the disabled member. The young man looked at it and said, "That certainly is quite serious." "Well," said the young lady, "what shall I do?" "If I were you," he said, "I would send for a physician." "But cannot you attend to it?" asked the girl. "Not very well," answered the young man, "I am a pianotuner."

Didn't Know Him.

The late Patrick A. Collins, mayor of Boston, once told about a certain home-missionary movement. In this movement every participant was to contribute a dollar that she had earned herself by hard work. The night of the collection of the dollars came, and various were the stories of earning the money. One woman had shampooed hair, another had baked doughnuts, another had solicited newspaper subscriptions, and so on. The chairman turned to a woman in the front row. "Now, madam," he said, "how did you earn your dollar?" "I got it from my husband," she answered. "Oho!" said he; "from your husband? There was no hard work about that?" The woman smiled faintly. "You don't know my husband," she said.

When One's in Love.

When a girl is in love she says: Not "I could live my life with him," but "I could not live my life without him."
Not "He is perfect," but "I don't care whether he is perfect or not."
Not "He will be good to me," but "I will be good to him."
Not "He is worthy of me," but "Am I worthy of him?"
Not "I see much in him to admire," but "I see nothing in anyone else to admire."
Not "I believe him because what he says is true," but "I believe him because he says it."
Not "I could endure poverty with him," but "I could endure nothing without him."

A Debatable Question.

In England at the general election of 1866, in the House of Commons, an old master of arts, coming up to the Senate House to record his vote, and asked which way it should go, replied: "I vote for Gladstone, I mean for 'Eathcote and Ardy.'" The Liberals claimed the vote, but the Conservative managers objected on the ground that "he never finished Mr. Gladstone's name." Professor Henry Smith, who was standing by, replied: "But he never began either of the others."

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A Bad Patient.

Friend—I suppose you're always glad to get a patient who's never had any bad habits?
Doctor—Indeed I'm not.
Friend—How's that?
Doctor—Why, man, I can't order him to stop anything.

Among the entertainments held at Mrs. Meyer's Parlors, Sunnyside, might be mentioned the following: Monday, November 6th, Old Orchard Club dance; Thursday, November 9th, School of Practical Science, third year, At Home; Friday, November 10th, Maple Leaf Lodge 160 Ladies' Auxiliary of R. R. Engineers At Home; Saturday, November 11th, regular weekly hop till 11.30 p.m.

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Observe, too, these Victorian Axminsters in Rose du Barry, light blue, and light green—exquisite creations in the Louis XIV. style, destined for some dainty boudoir or drawing-room.

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Anecdotal

A woman passenger on a liner that was towed into Halifax felt the need of something stimulating, and remembering the fondness of certain of her New York acquaintances for cocktails, asked a steward to bring her a "dry Martini." The man soon appeared with three of them. He was a German.

President Eliot of Harvard, when a young man, ordered a bottle of hock in a Boston restaurant, saying as he did so: "Here, waiter, bring me a bottle of hock—*hic, hœc, hœc*!" The waiter, who had been to college, smiled, but never stirred. "What are you standing there for?" exclaimed the professor; "didn't I order some hock?" "Yes, sir," said the waiter, "you ordered it, but you afterward declined it."

A colored undertaker was requested to embalm the body of a colored man. The wife of the deceased asked what the cost would be. He named his usual charge, to which she quickly replied: "I think that's too much." "But it is the regular fee," protested the undertaker. "That may be," assented the widow, "but this ain't a regular corpse. My husband had a wooden leg."

A Scots minister had forgotten to bring his manuscript to the church, and on going into the pulpit gave his congregation this explanation: "I am very sorry, my friends, to have to tell you that I have mislaid my manuscript. I must, therefore, this morning just say to you what the Lord has put into my mouth, but I trust I shall come this afternoon better provided."

A story that comes from Ireland relates to the custom among farmers there of depositing money in the bank in the joint names of husband and wife, so that when one dies the survivor can draw out the money without any legal formalities. To a farmer who recently made application for money deposited for himself and his wife, the manager of the bank asked: "Why, Pat, how can this be? It is not much more than a year since you came with an application on the death of your wife." "Well, your honor," was the reply, "I'm a bit lucky wid wimmen."

An eccentric American millionaire would go nowhere without his pet bear. He was staying one night at an hotel in New York, the bear as usual sleeping at the foot of his bed. He awoke in the night with a start to feel a sudden draught, the door open, and the bear gone. Rushing into the long corridor outside he was just in time to see the bear disappearing into a room at the further end. He followed hard and arrived at the door to hear a feminine voice saying, "How often have I told you not to come to bed with your motor coat on!"

During the South African war one of the privates in a British infantry regiment performed a very gallant deed. He dashed forward from the trenches across the yeldt, which was being swept by a hail of bullets, lifted a wounded comrade in his arms and carried him safely into shelter. The colonel, who witnessed the action, before the day was over called the private before him, praised him for his heroism, and told him he would be recommended for the Victoria Cross. Later on the soldier was relating the incident to his comrades: "He said something about the Victoria Cross. I didn't think anything about crosses. What I know is that I wasn't going to leave Robinson lying out there with all the company's bacca in his haversack."

A professor had been summoned as an expert witness in a case involving the ownership of a tract of coal land. "I will ask you, professor," said the attorney for the prosecution, "if the geological formation of this land corresponds with the published data pertaining thereto?" "It does, sir," he answered. "You have thoroughly read up the geology of the tract in question?" "I have

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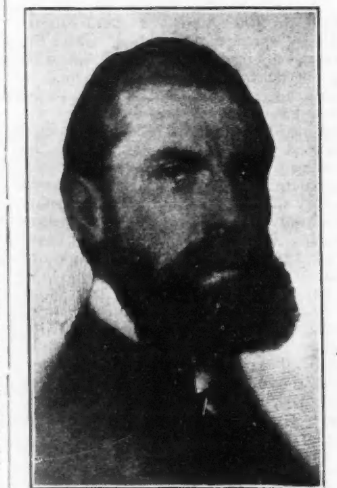
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not." "You have not?" "No, sir." "I ask the jury to notice that the witness flatly contradicts himself. Now, sir, if you haven't read up the geology involved in this case, why do you pretend to know anything at all about it?" "Because, sir," said the professor, "in studying geological formations it is my invariable custom to read down."

Two Jews were walking together into the country, and stopping at a farmhouse went in to have something to eat. When they had finished the farmer came and asked for two dollars as payment. The Jews got angry at this and refused to pay such a lot, but after a time they paid up. They then started on again without saying a word until one of them said, "Isaac, God will punish that man for making us pay two dollars." They went on in silence until the Jew said again, "Isaac, God will punish that man for making us pay two dollars." Again silence until they had gone a long way and had passed all the farmhouses, then the Jew pulled out a bundle of knives and forks from his coat and said, "Isaac, God has punished that man for making us pay two dollars."

The Inquisitor in the New York Insurance Investigation.

M R. CHARLES E. HUGHES, the lawyer who is conducting the examination of witnesses in the legislative insurance investigation in New York, first came into wide public notice when he conducted the recent legislative inquiry into the methods of the gas companies. He has displayed so much ability and so much sincerity of purpose in his present task that the Republicans of New York enthusiastically nominated him for Mayor in the present campaign. Owing to his sense of duty, Mr. Hughes felt obliged to decline the honor and to keep on with his



CHARLES EVANS HUGHES.

work as an investigator. Mr. Hughes is a native of New York State, of Welsh descent. He is a graduate of Brown University and of the Columbia Law School. He has been a lecturer on law both at Cornell University and the New York Law School, and has been very successful in the practice of his profession. Although only forty-three years of age, he ranks among the keenest analytical lawyers of America. Mr. Hughes' conduct of the insurance investigation has been marked by his extraordinary grasp of the details of the insurance business and the masses of facts and figures at his command. He has an unusual memory, which he supplements with the most thorough preparation. In fact, thoroughness is a characteristic of all his work. His treatment of the witnesses who appear before the committee is eminently fair, courteous and considerate; but stubborn and unwilling witnesses find him hard to evade.

Mr. Hughes has expressed this view of success: "It is not the man who reaches the corner first that wins, but the man who knows best what to do when he gets there."

The secret of Mr. Hughes' own success, aside from his natural ability and thorough training, is the most open of secrets—hard work. He believes in hard work and in long hours of work.

He is, however, fond of recreation, especially that afforded by music, golf and mountain climbing.

Heredity.

Milly—You think, then, that the children inherit the chills and fever from their parents?
Balph—Certainly I do. Their mother was a Boston girl and their father came from Cuba.

He Was to be Feared.

Harold—That girl is afraid of her shadow.
Harriet—Are you shadowing her?

Why Dora Remains Single.

It is an unfortunate fact, perhaps, for the sons of great journalists, but it is nevertheless true, that handwriting, whether good or bad, is largely a matter of heredity. In this, as in other matters, like father like son is to a great extent a matter beyond dispute, and like mother like daughter also obtains, generally speaking. By way of explanation, we may mention that Mrs. Masterton's handwriting was execrable.

The case of her daughter Dora was getting desperate. She had been "out" for nearly five seasons, she owned to seven-and-twenty, and her complexion was of the kind which does not by any means wear well. And although she did her level best to be uniformly charming to every one of her male acquaintances, not one of them evinced any desire to remove her from the sheltering security of her mother's wing.

Dora was pensively considering the matter as she sat at her window and surveyed the dismal drizzle which obscured the Park. She was greatly disgusted with the whole of the inferior sex; but hope, we are told, springs eternal in the human breast.

"I believe," she murmured, "that he only wants a little warm encouragement, after all. I am quite sure he is fond of me; and, after all, if he is insignificant and mean, he's awfully rich, and he's a man, even if only a little one. I must think it well over."

And she was still thinking it over when Mr. Bertie Brading was announced.

"Er—excuse me," said the little visitor, coughing nervously, "it's an unearthly time to call, I know; but you said I might come early, and get that song, you know. It's a desperately pretty thing, you know; and if you'll be good enough to lend it me, it will save me buying."

"Of course!" said Dora. "Sit down, Mr. Brading. I'll get it for you at once. But I know you'll join me in an early cup of tea."

Bertie had never been known to refuse anything he could get for nothing, from tea to a tin-mine; therefore he sat down, and over the teacups they talked till, as often happens at such times, the conversation bordered on the intimate.

"Do you know, Mr. Brading," said Dora, "I have been thinking about you, and I have come to the conclusion that it is only because you do not know which of your many feminine acquaintances to choose that you haven't done so. Now, am I not right?"

Bertie was uncomfortable, but he nodded.

"Well, I have thought of a plan by which you may make a choice. I am going to write the names of six mutual feminine acquaintances, and place them in a book. You are to choose one slip, and propose to-night. Is that agreed?"

"Perhaps it would be the best way out of it," sniggered Bertie.

For the next two or three minutes Dora scribbled industriously, and in due course Bertie nervously drew a slip from the book. He looked at it earnestly for a space.

"By Jove!" he said. "I believe you've hit it. Good-day, Miss Masterton!" But when he got outside he whistled. "Phe!" he said, "what an old gag! Of course, her own name was on every slip!"

She met him at a dance a few nights later.

"Oh, Miss Masterton," he said, "I feel I owe my present happiness to you. I did as you told me, and now I'm engaged."

"To whom?" asked Dora, biting her lip. "I really didn't look at the slip you chose."

"Didn't you?" Well, then, it's Nora—Nora Marshall. Oh, I say, Miss Masterton, you've broken your fan!"

But British pluck is a difficult thing to overcome, and Dora is now industriously studying to improve her wretched handwriting.

Strange Story of a Book Agent.

One morning last week a cadaverous young man with a valise called at the office of a busy lawyer.

"Mr. Rangle," he said, "can I sell you a history of Menard County?"

"Why, that happens to be the county I was born and grew up in," said the lawyer. "What is the book worth?"

"Four dollars a copy."

"I'll take one."

To Mr. Rangle's intense surprise the caller burst into tears.

"What's the matter, young man," he asked. "Was the shock too great for you?"

"It wasn't what I expected!" sobbed the book agent. "I had made a bet of five dollars you'd kick me out!"

"He makes a living in a funny way."

"How's that?"

"Writing jokes."

It is said that all men are equal. The confirmed old maid thinks that they are all equally bad.

Hugo's English.

A woman who was called upon to write a paper at a suburban current topics club on Victor Hugo, went to the Carnegie Library erected there, and collated her facts from a number of encyclopædias. When she had finished, having a quarter-inch of space at the end of her paper, she thought she would add something original, and wrote: "Whatever we and succeeding generations may think of Victor Hugo, we must agree on one thing, that he wrote good English."

Claims He Can Cure Consumption.

PROFESSOR BEHRING, whose statement that he has discovered a cure for consumption has aroused world-wide interest, was born in West Prussia on March 15th, 1854, and has had a most distinguished career. He it was who discovered the anti-diphtheritic serum which has proved so valuable.

Emil Behring re-enters the arena of the world, a man of high reputation and proved ability, to announce his belief that he has made one of the most valuable medical discoveries of recent years. To the lay mind his methods are still veiled in the cryptic language dear to the scientist, but, even where they are but half-understood, they bring with them re-



PROF. EMIL BEHRING.

newed hope that one of the most dreaded, most malignant of diseases has at last met its conqueror. The Professor's career is one long justification of this hope. Still a young man for one who has attained so much eminence in his profession—he is fifty-one—he is best known for his discovery of the serum which has reduced diphtheria to a comparatively light illness, and by the fact that four years ago he shared a Nobel prize with Dr. Roux.

For his early training he has to thank the Royal Army Medical Academy in Berlin, and the opportunities for both practice and research brought him by the various positions he has held on the medical staff of the German Army.

Ten years ago he was appointed Professor and Director of the Hygienic Institute at Marburg, and, more recently still, he has been granted two much-coveted honors—rank in the nobility and permission to use the particle "von," and an Acting Privy Councillorship with the style of "Excellency."

The minor rewards Herr Behring will receive should he succeed in substantiating his claim—for all rewards must rank below that accorded by the voice of a grateful world—will include two fresh sources of income, one of them the Prix Lacave, which yields nearly a thousand a year, the other the \$2,000,000 set aside by a Brazilian Crusade for the conqueror of consumption. The other honors that will come to him under the same condition will be innumerable.

Irving in Westminster Abbey.

Not since the death of David Garrick in 1779 has an actor been buried in Westminster until the ashes of Sir Henry Irving were entombed beside those of Garrick and near the statue of Shakespeare in the Poets' Corner. The honors paid to the dead actor gave his funeral a national character. The King and the Prince of Wales were represented; every leading actor in London, and hosts of dramatists, artists and men of distinction in every profession, including the American Ambassador and Mrs. Reid, were present. Half an hour before the service the Abbey was crowded to the doors, and a great throng waited patiently outside during the entire exercises.

Among the pall-bearers who walked into the nave were Lord Aberdeen, Lord Tennyson, Beerbohm Tree, John Hare, Alma-Tadema, Forbes Robertson, and Arthur Collins. The chief mourners were Lady Irving and the two sons of the actor. The procession was met in the nave by the Dean of Westminster, accompanied by Bishop Welland, Archdeacon Wilberforce and Canon Duckworth, and the opening sentences of the burial service were chanted. There were tributes in various forms from the entire English-speaking world.

A cross of white flowers from the Queen bore the words, "Into Thy Hands, O Lord," and was one of a multitude of wreaths and crosses from societies and individuals of every rank and station from many countries; from men of distinction in literature, art, science and the drama. Thirty thousand applications were received for the twelve hundred reserved seats in the Abbey.

The impressiveness of the tribute to Irving has greatly been regarded. Its significance lies in the fact that it was paid, not simply to a man who understood the technique of his art, but who conceived and interpreted that art in the largest terms. It was by the general elevation of his character and the charm of his personality no less than by his artistic achievements that Irving broke down the ancient prejudices against the actor and made himself the equal in social estimation of the first men of his time.

The French Proofreader.

"The animal had a blaze face," read the notice.
"Mon Dieu, the ignorance of men!" exclaimed the French proofreader. "Whence it resulted that the next morning the owner was advertising for a lost cow with a 'blaze' face."

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Apt. It was Winfield's first experience with an electric fan. He had dropped over to see his Uncle Charlie, and found him avoiding midsummer heat by doing his work by the side of a swiftly revolving fan. Winfield stood close by it for a minute, and was evidently pleased with the toy.

"What do you think of it?" his uncle asked.

"My!" he replied, "it sounds like an elevator and feels like a fine day!"

A Weighty Difficulty. In a certain home there is a little six-year-old son of an inquiring mind. Not long ago he entered Sunday-school and was very much absorbed the first day in the story of the sheep and the goats. As soon as he reached home he asked, "Is it true that all the good people are going to stand on God's right hand?"

"Yes, dear," answered his mother.

"But, mamma," he persisted, looking very troubled, "Uncle Jim weighs three hundred pounds. What are we going to do about him?"

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said that he knew nothing of the libretto, *The Toast of the Town*, by Mr. Clyde Fitch, which he was supposed to be setting. His next work, provided the libretto pleases him, will deal with the picturesque and pathetic character of Marie Antoinette. With Puccini the libretto is at least half the battle, and he has in every case had a hand in the actual planning out of the stories of his operas.

Arthur Elson cites a remark by Dr. Dvorak that "the English do not love music, they respect it."

Chopin's songs are beginning to be appreciated in England. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says that "in such a song as *Mir aus den Augen*, which was written some seventy years ago, the man is almost as modern as the most modern musician of to-day." *Poland's Dirge* the same writer calls "A song which is as poignant as anything in the same genre which Schumann ever created. In it, as it seems to us, Chopin sums up his delicacy of temperament, flashed across by moments of intense strength. If it may truthfully be said that occasionally he wrote for neuralgic duchesses, it may also be said that occasionally he wrote for giants."

The eminent Boston piano pedagogue, Carl Baermann, is quoted in the *Etude* as saying: "Public performers are inclined to play too many compositions, and the quality of their playing suffers proportionately. It is not possible to play thirty-six sonatas with the same perfection that one could achieve in six or even sixteen. It is said that Rameau practised his *Tambourin*, only two pages long, for two weeks before playing it in public. It is the feeling for perfection, the sense of fine accentuation that cannot be content with less than exquisite finish." And when he was asked: "Do the public feel the differences?" he replied: "It is not to be expected nor is it necessary that they should all appreciate the fineness of detail. A part of them will see it; the rest will be uplifted and carried away by it, as Schumann

says, though they may not know the reason why."

CHERUBINO.

All the phases of the work of a School of Expression will be presented in a lecture-recital on the "Art of Expression," by Mr. F. H. Kirkpatrick, Ph.D., principal of the Conservatory School of Expression, in the Conservatory Music Hall on Friday evening, November 10th. Mr. Kirkpatrick will be assisted by Miss Mary L. Caldwell, pianist, and Miss Jennie E. Williams, vocalist.

Society Ladies to be Judges.

A rather novel sight will be seen when a committee of ladies, chosen for the purpose, will judge the dinner-tables, laid complete for eight persons, at the Chrysanthemum Show, which is being held in Massey Hall next week. Thousands of dollars will be expended in the elaborate decorations of these tables; many new ideas are expected to be shown here for the first time. This indeed will be an attractive and instructive feature, as the suggestions to be obtained will be useful for the successful carrying out of teas and dinners during the coming season. The exhibition will be opened by the Premier of Ontario, Mr. J. P. Whitney, at 2.30 on Tuesday, November 14th, who will be assisted by the Lieutenant-Governor Mortimer and Mrs. Clark, and will continue open until Saturday evening, November 18th. A select orchestra has been engaged to give concerts each evening.

The Division Later.

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The Wary One—Directors waiting for the clouds to roll by, eh?

The Modern Variety.

Grace—Whatever did George mean by saying that he was attended by a hand maiden?

Bess—Probably that a manicurist pays him a weekly visit.

Society at the Capital.

THE past week has to a great extent been devoted to the openings of the various clubs and associations which have to a certain degree lain dormant since the close of last season.

The first event of interest was the opening exhibition of work by the Women's Art Association, which began on Monday and continued for the following three days of the week. Unfortunately the inclement weather of Monday prevented as large an attendance as was hoped for, and Lady Grey, whose presence on the opening day had been looked forward to, was unable to attend, owing to a temporary indisposition, but Government House was represented by Lady Evelyn Grey, Lady Morley and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams. Lady Grey, however, sent an exhibit in the form of a painting executed by herself, which received much laudatory comment. Book-binding, lacers, wood-carving and many other industries, principally the work of members of the Association, were well represented and called forth very favorable criticism. Mrs. Lyons Biggar, the treasurer, received the many guests, all of whom were loud in their praises of the excellent arrangements and tasteful display of the work.

On Thursday the Women's Morning Musical Club gave its first concert of the season, for which the programme had been arranged by Mrs. Duncan Campbell Scott, who herself contributed several violin solos, as well as some duets with Dr. Gibson. Miss Babin, a young lady whose voice has rarely been heard in public in Ottawa, produced a decidedly favorable impression on the audience, which was exceedingly large and included all the *élite* of the Capital.

The May Court Club also held its first meeting on Thursday afternoon, when the election of officers was the principal subject of interest. Lady Evelyn Grey being added to the new list of officers. Miss Milly White is replaced by Miss Florence Graham as treasurer, and it was with much regret that the club was obliged to accept the resignation of the councillors, Miss Ethel White and Miss Edith Macpherson, the former on account of her approaching marriage in December, and the latter by reason of the fact that she intends to spend this winter in Washington, D.C. Miss Alice Fitzpatrick, the present May Queen, will also be much missed, her contemplated trip to Egypt in the near future interfering with the continuance of her present rôle in the club.

The first "crush" tea (although in this case a misnomer, as far as comfort was concerned) came off on Thursday, when Mrs. Wilson Southam entertained in compliment to her guests, Mrs. Richard Southam of Toronto and Miss Ethel Southam of Hamilton, who arrived on Wednesday to spend a short time in town. Over three hundred guests were present, but Mrs. Southam's house being so commodious and her arrangements so perfect, at no time were the rooms uncomfortably crowded. Mrs. Wilson Southam looked extremely handsome in a princess gown of pale blue cloth with lace insertions, and Mrs. Richard Southam was also gowned in the same delicate shade of *mousseline de soie* over silk. All the decorations were dainty in the extreme, being carried out in pale pink, the many reception-rooms being resplendent with pink and white roses. Mrs. Hazen Hansard, Mrs. Barrett Dewar, Mrs. T. Cameron Bate and Mrs. Charles Read took turn and turn about at the tea and coffee urns, while a bevy of Ottawa's prettiest girls, including the Misses Morna and Claudia Bate, the Misses Marion and Bee Lindsay, Miss Mabel Ferguson, Miss Marjorie Blair, Miss Annie McDougall, Miss Elma Reid, Miss Ethel Jones and Miss Claire McCullough, were most assiduous in their attentions in supplying the numerous guests with dainty edibles.

Mrs. Dale-Harris was another tea hostess of the week, and invited her many guests for two successive afternoons, Friday and Saturday, thus wisely providing against any liability of discomfort. Mrs. Duncan Macpherson, late of Montreal, who has been Mrs. Dale-Harris's guest while her new home in Bessier street is being made ready for occupancy, was the guest of the hour on Friday, and received with her hostess, wearing an exceedingly neat and pretty gown of white cloth. On Saturday Miss Constance Dale-Harris was formally introduced to society. On the first afternoon, Mrs. Dale-Harris's assistants were Mrs. D. Campbell Scott, Mrs. W. W. Edgar, Miss Lily Fraser, Miss Bessie Keefe, Miss Hughson and Miss Burbridge.

Hon. W. S. Fielding and Miss Jane Fielding, who, accompanied by their guest, Miss Rankin of St. John, New Brunswick, have been on an extended trip to the Coast, returned early in the week and on Thursday evening Miss Rankin was the guest of honor at a bridge party of ten tables, to which Miss Edith Fielding invited nearly all the younger members of Ottawa's four hundred, and an exceedingly jolly evening was spent. Miss Rankin left for her home on the following day.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, Sir Daniel McMillan, arrived in town on Friday, and is for a few days with the Hon. Clifford and Mrs. Sitton, who entertained at a dinner in his honor on Friday evening. Covers were laid for twelve and an exquisitely arranged table with profusions of pink roses and pink shaded candelabra was much admired by the guests, who included Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Read, Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Vaux and Miss Fielding.

Besides the larger functions, many little gatherings in the nature of either luncheons or teas transpired during the week. Miss Marjorie Blair gave a charming little luncheon on Wednesday, when Miss Hilda Marler of Montreal, who is dividing a visit to town between her sister, Mrs. Gerald Boulton, and Miss Winifred Gormully, was the guest of honor and those invited to meet her were: Mrs. Norman Guthrie, Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, Miss Anne McDougall, Miss Ethel Jones, Miss Pauline LeMoine, Miss Ethel Southam, Miss Gladys Irwin and Miss Winifred Gormully. Miss Alice Bell also entertained in the same manner on the same day, when her guests included, Lady Evelyn Grey, Lady Mary Parker, Miss Viva Frechette, Miss Zillah Fielding, Miss Helen Anderson, Miss Oliver, Miss Elsie Burn and Miss Louie Gemmill.

Mrs. Chambers of Quebec and Miss Bell of Carleton Place shared the distinction of being *raisons d'être* of a little bridge party on Monday afternoon, when Mrs. A. E. Frapp was the hostess.

The *s.s. Zavarian* on her last trip brought over to Canada a member of the vice-regal household, namely, Captain Trotter, who has returned to take up his former duties as A.D.C., and two members of the Government House party, Lady Morley and Lady Mary Parker, sailed on Friday after a thoroughly appreciated three months' visit in Canada.

His Excellency Lord Grey and party returned on Wednesday from a hunting trip in the Kippewa district and report having had great success.

Ottawa, November 6th, 1905.
THE CHAPERONE.

Social and Personal.

Miss Elizabeth Long has returned from a visit of several months to her sister, Mrs. Wheeler, in St. Paul. Mrs. Wheeler came east with Miss Long, and is at Woodlawn, Jarvis street, for a month. Mrs. Wheeler will be at home with her sister to callers on Monday.

On Wednesday afternoon Lady Edgar gave a small tea for her daughter's coming-out. Miss Marjorie Edgar received with her mother, looking very nice in a pale blue shirred silk gown, with a bouquet of violets. Mrs. Pelham Edgar and Miss Beatrice Edgar, with one or two others, were in charge of the tea-table, which was set in a corner of the double drawing-rooms and crowned with lilies. Among the ladies who wished the *débütante* a happy winter were Lady Thompson, Miss Elsie Mortimer Clark, the Misses Parke, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. John Hagarty, Mrs. George Hagarty, Mrs. Johnstone, Miss Helen Davidson, Mrs. Stewart Gordon, Miss Howland, Miss

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Knox and many others, some coming in quite late from a round of calls down town, where several hostesses were receiving for the first time this season.

Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn went down on Thursday to Kingston to see Mrs. Bruce Carruthers, who is very ill indeed. In fact, at time of writing it seemed as if her hours might be very few. As Etta Macpherson, this splendid woman was one of the greatest favorites, and her marriage to Mr. Carruthers just before his departure for the Boer war, his return with honors, and their subsequent bright and happy reunion were all of great interest to hosts of affectionate friends. Lady Kirkpatrick's long and arduous experience during Sir George's illness has particularly fitted her to sympathize with her friend, whose complaint is of a similar nature to that which robbed us of our late beloved Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Kirkpatrick.

The birthday honors have descended upon the gallant colonel of the Queen's Own, and he has been by the King given a K.B. Congratulations are many and hearty on this appropriate recognition of Colonel Pellatt's worth and all trust he may long enjoy it. On Wednesday, the eve of the birthday, Lord Aylmer was in town for the inspection of the Q. O. R., who turned out between eight and nine hundred strong and were highly praised by the Inspector General. His Honor, Mrs. Mortimer Clark and Miss Elsie Clark, with Major Macdonald in attendance, arrived during the inspection, and Mrs. Clark presented prizes. Colonel Pellatt presented Mrs. Clark with a sheaf of wonderful mums from his conservatories on Davenport Hill, the flowers being tied with satin ribbons in the regimental colors. The usual reception and refreshments were enjoyed after the review, and Lord Aylmer, who was accompanied by Major Nelles, left shortly, as he is very hard-worked just now. Beside the Government house party, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. and Miss Hemming, Mrs. Pellatt, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. J. George, Miss Gunther, were of the special guests present, with many of the officers of the regular and volunteer forces in Toronto.

Signor and Madame Albertini have taken a house in Prince Arthur avenue, No. 55 I think, where they will reside for the winter, always welcome additions to our brightest and most artistic society.

Miss Bessie Macdonald gave a delightful bridge party on Wednesday night. The Misses Parke, who are being entertained in all directions, with a very pleasant party enjoyed the evening greatly.

Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Magann and several other smart women are in New York for the Horse Show next week, and the many delights of theaters and shops in Gotham.

Miss Adele Austin, who has been suffering from a severe attack of quinsy, is happily quite better. She has been missed from many a bright gathering.

Miss Brenda Smellie is a handsome *débütante*, who had her first dance last evening since her entrance into society.

Among new faces at the Q. O. R. review I noticed Mrs. and Miss Hemming, Miss Mandessohn of London, Mrs. Henslow and her daughter, Miss Whitmore of Montreal, Captain Riout and some others.

Mrs. Irwin J. Ardagh will receive for the first time since her marriage on Friday, November 7th, at her home, 149 Walmer road, and afterwards on the second Friday of each month.

Mrs. J. M. Godfrey, Pearson avenue, is removing shortly to 95 Close avenue, and will not receive until the New Year.

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Last Saturday the members of Doric Masonic Lodge, with their wives and a number of friends, visited Bro. Miller's conservatory at Bracondale and spent an enjoyable afternoon. The party included the following Doric Lodge officers: Arthur Pearson, W.M.; J. M. Woodland, S.W.; Carr Simpson, J.W.; H. E. Smallpeice, S.S.; Rev. Dr. Wild, Chaplain; A. E. Burgess, P.M.; J. S. Williams, P.M.; Thomas New, P.M.; William McCartney, P.M.; Harry Leeson, P.M. Lodge members and lady visitors included J. Starr, Mrs. A. Burns, Miss Allan, A. M. Tutthall, Charles Stuart, Miss Mack, John T. Stuart and Mrs. Stuart, A. G. Clements, Mrs. Carr Simpson, Mrs. H. E. Smallpeice and Miss Smallpeice, Mrs. A. E. Burgess, Mrs. A. Gourlay, Colin Stalker and Mrs. Stalker, J. B. Fleming, Mrs. Fleming and Miss Fleming, John Bayliss and Mrs. Bayliss, Mrs. M. Lewis and Miss Lily Lewis, Mrs. J. M. Woodland, Mrs. Arthur Pearson and Miss Pearson, William Parkinson, George Jackson and Mrs. Jackson, Herbert Hamby and Mrs. Hamby, Mrs. William McCartney, Richard Hassell and Mrs. Hassell, Fred Moss, Mrs. Moss and Miss Moss, Robert Grover, M. A. Costi and Mrs. Costi, J. A. Montgomery and Mrs. Montgomery, R. H. Dee and Miss Dee, Miss Ross, R. J. Gibson, D. S. Haines and Miss Haines, W. E. Dobson, R. S. Gower and Misses Gower, J. H. Poyntz, Miss S. Smith, Mrs. I. Duncan, J. W. Davy and Mrs. Davy, C. C. Norris, A. C. Mackenzie, C. E. Moore and Mrs. Moore, Miss Petrie, Peter Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, L. Kemp and Mrs. Kemp, B. Cope and Mrs. Cope.

Photo by P. Wilson.

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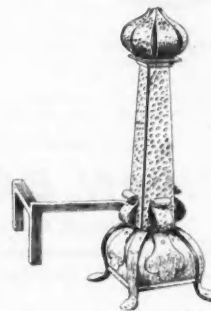
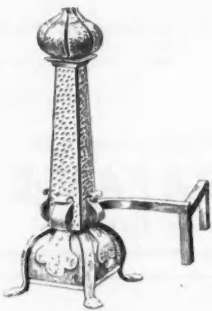
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Social and Personal

Mrs. (Dr.) Charles E. Treble received, for the first time since her marriage, at 374 College street, on Thursday afternoon, when many friends availed themselves of this opportunity of tendering their congratulations. Mrs. Treble wore a handsome gown of *poplin de soie* in bisque shade, relieved with blue Dresden silk and Irish lace. She was assisted by her grandmother, Mrs. Colwell, and her sister, Mrs. Robert McCausland, who was gowned in black lace, with fichu and trimming of white. Assisting in the dining-room were Miss Phelps, Miss Edna Walker, Miss Ethel Towler, Miss Pansy Mason and Miss Elsie Hickman. The dining-room was arranged in pink and green, with beautiful white chrysanthemums. Owing to indisposition Mrs. Massey-Treble was unable to be present. In future Mrs. Treble will receive on the third and fourth Thursdays of the month.

Mrs. G. T. Peppall is now settled in her home, 457 Dovercourt road, and will receive on the second Thursday and Friday of each month.

On Wednesday and Thursday afternoons of this week Mrs. Percival Foster (*nee* Pattullo) held her first reception since her marriage, at the pretty home of her sister, Mrs. Adam Ballantyne, in Walmer road. Mrs. Foster received in her beautiful *robe des noces* of rich Duchesse satin *en train*, with bertha and trimmings of rare rose point. Mrs. Ballantyne, who, with her sister, welcomed the many visitors, looked handsome, as always, in a smart white gown of *crêpe de Paris*, while Miss Pattullo of Woodstock, Miss Foster and Miss Thrall were pretty and attentive assistants in the tea-room. All the rooms were radiant with delicate flowers, and the tea-table laden with good things was particularly lovely, having as its main feature a great cluster of American Beauties in a huge silver loving-cup.

Mrs. Wellington Bogart and Miss May Luttrell, 34 Sussex avenue, will not receive until after the New Year.

Dr. J. S. McCullough has just returned from an extended visit to New York.

Mrs. T. Bowcher Clarke is now settled at 20 Rusholme road, where she will receive every Friday.

Mrs. D. McKinnon, 421 Euclid avenue, will be at home on Monday, November 13th, and afterward on the third Monday of the month during the season.

The bride in today's wedding in Christ Church, New York, at half-past four, Miss Taylor Massey, will wear a very lovely Duchesse satin princess robe, the front "crushed" from shoulder to hem, the back a court train and the guimpe of exquisite old rose point and pearls. The two Toronto girls who are bridesmaids, Miss Winnie Warwick of Sunnyside and Miss Muriel Massey, are of a bevy of six, Miss Dorothy Smith of New York going in with Miss Warwick, Miss Nellie Granville Brown with Miss Massey, and Miss Theodore Wood and Miss Florence Demond of New York completing the sextette. These and the maid of honor, Miss Nannie Brown, will precede the bride. For the past week the party have had a continuous round of gaieties and entertaining. On Friday last a theater party at the New Amsterdam and a supper at Sherry's gathered the gay group together. On Tuesday and Thursday Mrs. Massey gave luncheon and supper in their honor, and on Wednesday Mrs. Brown, the groom's mother, gave a luncheon to the bride and her maids. At the Sherry's supper the center of the table was covered with a bank of lily of the valley and the white lights were shaded in green, giving a particularly bridal effect.

Mr. and Mrs. McClung and Miss Norma Stevens have settled for the winter in 134 Roxborough street west, a pretty house many remember as the former home of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Drinkwater.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones are thinking of boarding for the winter. Their charming house in Elmley place should be treasure-trove for homeless househunters.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Staunton King have taken an apartment in the St. George, where Mrs. King will receive next Tuesday and on Tuesdays during the season.

The Daughters of the Empire will give a ball in the King Edward on St. Andrew's Night, the Island Aquatic Association will give their annual dance at McConkey's on December 1st, the High Park Golf Club have arranged for their dance at McConkey's on January 10th.

An aftermath of holiday travel is often the budding of the orange tree, and such happened in the case of the London beauty, Miss Eleanor Smallman, whose marriage to Captain C. Kvd Morgan, R.A.M.C., Cairo, took place in London on Wednesday, at half-past two. The bride's people have wealth, taste and position and her wedding was easily the finest seen in London in many a day. The men who ushered and led the bride's procession were Colonel Smith of London, Colonel Stimson and Mr. Douglas Young of Toronto. Captain Smith, Dr. Becher and Mr. Charles Hunt, R.A., and Mr. Innes Carling, 7th Regiment, grandson of Sir John Carling. The bride wore white satin, veiled in *union de soie*, her mother's wedding wreath, a Brussels lace veil and some beautiful diamonds; her bouquet was of roses, lily of the valley and white heather. The eight bridesmaids were Miss Morgan, sister of the groom, Miss Pringle of Edinburgh, Miss Meta MacBeth of Toronto, Miss Price of Kentucky, Miss Dora Labatt, Miss Anita Hunt, Miss Marjory Gibbons and Miss Mary Meredith. All were in white with

white felt hats, white wands and beauty roses tied with white ribbons. Each maid wore the crest of the groom's regiment, his gift to them, and the ushers and best man received horseshoe pearl scarf-pins, also Captain Morgan's gifts. As the procession swept up the long aisle of old St. Paul's, the organ pealing and the choir sweetly singing, it was a very smart and effective sight, the men being in full uniform, Mr. Smallman bringing in the bride and Captain Campbell Becher acting as best man. A most interesting interlude was Mrs. Adam Beck's beautiful solo during the signing of the register. A rigid royal reception was *en train* at Waverly, the Smallman residence, where the bride and groom received the best wishes, the *dejeuner* was served, toasts were proposed and everything was as merry as could be, despite the never forgotten fact that the marriage robs London of the charming bride. The wedding gifts were splendid and the whole event not likely to be soon forgotten. In the true military fashion, such as was so effective at the marriage of Colonel Buchanan's daughter here, the officers whipped out their swords and crossed them aloft for the newly-wedded pair to pass under on their way from the altar.

Mrs. S. G. Beatty is giving receptions on Monday and Tuesday, November 20 and 21, from half-past four to seven, at her residence, "Oakdene," Isabella street.

Mrs. George F. Mason (*nee* Meredith) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Thursday, November 16th, afternoon and evening, at her home, 44 Galley avenue, Parkdale, and afterwards on the first Thursday of the month.

A very informal home wedding was solemnized at the residence of Rev. Robert Leask, 21 Maynard avenue, Parkdale, on November 2nd, by that reverend gentleman, assisted by Rev. A. Logan Geggie, when Miss Cecelia Mitchell was united in marriage to Thomas McRae Leask, M.D., of Moosejaw, Assa. The bride was beautifully attired in all-over embroidered net with bridal veil and orange blossoms and carrying a shower bouquet of bride's roses and lily of the valley. The bridesmaid, Miss Marjorie Leask, wore a white muslin gown with pink insertions and carried a very choice bouquet of pink roses. Two pretty little flower girls, Jessie and Lilian Duff, cousins of the bride, were sweetly dressed in white muslin, each carrying a basket of flowers. Mr. Harry Thomson of Osgoode Hall was best man. After the ceremony a reception was held and the happy couple left for the far West via Chicago, accompanied by the heartiest good wishes of their many friends. This wedding had been arranged for a later date, but owing to the unexpected presence of Dr. Leask in the city for a few days it was thus decided upon—informally.

Mrs. W. H. Gould (*nee* Johnson) will receive for the first time since her marriage on November 13th, at her home, 236 Bloor street east, and afterwards on the first and second Mondays of each month.

A pretty home wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon, November 1st, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Stewart, "Elmwood Farm," Hampstead, when their second daughter, Janet, was married to Mr. Malcolm MacBeth, Milverton, Ont. The bride wore a becoming gown of white silk trimmed with embroidered chiffon. She was attended by her sister, Miss Mary Stewart, who was prettily gowned in cream pleated cologne. Dorothy Stewart, youngest sister of the bride, made a pretty flower girl. The groomsmen were Mr. A. MacBeth of Stratford. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. A. Edington, assisted by Rev. N. D. McKinnon of Milverton. Mr. and Mrs. MacBeth left for London, Detroit and other Western points, the bride's going away gown being of green Venetian cloth with hat of velvet and fur.

Mrs. W. F. Maclean and daughter sailed from New York on the *Kaiser Wilhelm* on Tuesday last for Bremen. They expect to spend the winter in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Brock of 129 Maple street, London, announce the marriage of their eldest daughter, M. Ethel, to Dr. William J. MacMurray of Ingersoll, to take place quietly at their home Wednesday afternoon, November 15th.

Mrs. Lincoln Carlisle will hold her post-nuptial receptions at her residence, 73 Bernard avenue, on next Thursday and Friday afternoons, November 16 and 17, and will receive on Fridays.

Mrs. Macmurray of 158 Madison avenue has removed to "The Tower," southwest corner Lennox and Euclid avenue, and, with the Misses Macmurray, will be at home on the first and third Wednesdays between four and six-thirty p.m.

A very clever and successful little lady is Miss Madeleine Evans, who returned in September from several years' study of the cello in Germany, and gave her first recital at the College of Music on Monday evening before a very large audience. Miss Evans has, beside her technical skill, great temperament and a most attractive and charming presence. Her playing is so good as to arouse enthusiasm, and since her return she has secured engagements both in and out of Toronto. She is a daughter of Dr. Evans, 1 Washington avenue, where she is the very winning assistant hostess to her mother in seasons when she is free from professional duties. Miss Evans is the latest addition to Dr. Torrington's staff at the College of Music.

Mr. Edward Trout, late of *The Monetary Times*, left on Tuesday for Palma Sol, his winter home in Florida.

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PRINCESS THEATER WEEK OF MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13th

SATURDAY MATINEE ONLY.

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WEDNESDAY MATINEES SATURDAY

E. D. STARR and GEORGE H. NICOLA present

DAVID HIGGINS

IN THE GREATEST RACING PLAY EVER WRITTEN

HIS LAST DOLLAR

ONE BEST BET—MONGREL—TO WIN.

Grand Concert at Massey Hall

Thursday, Nov. 30

The Great English Soprano.

Madame Rose Berrill

Subscription list now open at Massey Hall. Prices 25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00.

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ASSOCIATION HALL, Cor. Yonge and McGill Sts., TUESDAY EVENING, November 21st, 8.15 p.m.

Mrs. Will Merry (Grace Lillian Carter), Antoinette Manning and Herr August Wilhelm, Vocalists; Paul Hahn (Cello), W. H. Plant, (Cornet), J. H. Cameron, Entertainer.

CHORUS OF 50 VOICES. Walter A. Geddes, Director.

All seats reserved, 25c. May be secured at Nordheimer's, Saturday, November 18th, or at the door.

Princess

WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, NOV. 20

Grand Opera

IN ENGLISH

By Henry W. Savage's English

GRAND OPERA CO.

Seat sale begins THURSDAY, Nov. 16th. Only prepaid orders received.

Prices—\$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 50c.

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Thurs. Eve. at 7.30 First American Production in English. FAUST

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WEEK NOV. 13

Direct from the New York Hippodrome

FERRY CORWEY

The Musical Clown.

DAISY HARCOURT

English Character Comedienne.

TAYLOR HOLMES

In Monologue.

J. FRANCIS DOOLEY

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An English piano dealer out here a few weeks ago was extended the usual courtesies of the trade by local firms, and made conversant with all the aspects and attainments of the industry in Canada. He visited the various show-rooms, tested the different pianos, and was so impressed and delighted with the tone, volume and workmanship of the "Gerhard Heintzman" that he purchased several outright, to be shipped immediately and placed on the English market. The negotiation is notable, in consideration of the fact that Canadian manufacturers have had the feeling that it was necessary to send on the English market a piano that could compete with the German and other European makes in price, but the dealer herein referred to admitted that the Gerhard Heintzman was such a vastly superior instrument in every way, he had the confidence the better class of buyers would appreciate such a piano as the Gerhard Heintzman even at the large advance in price over those above mentioned.

It is a piano that is fast becoming world-wide of patronage. "Gerhard Heintzmans" having only recently found purchasers, not only in the United States, Cuba, and Newfoundland, but in the West Indies, Chili and Japan.

Such substantial appreciation is obviously significant.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW AND HONEY SHOW—will be held in MASSEY HALL ALL NEXT WEEK

Under the auspices of the Ontario Horticultural Exhibition, Opening Tuesday, November 14th, by Hon. J. P. Whitney. Large displays of Fruit, Flowers, Honey, etc. See the new ideas in table decorations; practical demonstrations on preparing fruit for the table. Three adult coupon tickets for 50c, now on sale at the leading florists and drug stores.

ORCHESTRA EACH EVENING GENERAL ADMISSION, 25c.

Sebastian H. Burnett FAREWELL CONCERT

... Assisted by ...
Harry M. Field, renowned Pianist.
Francis Gratton, Violinist.
Mazie Jackson, Soprano.

Thursday, November 23, at Association Hall. Tickets on sale Bell Piano Co., 146 Yonge Street.



The Taylor-Massey-Brown wedding today in New York will be a very smart and beautiful one. There are to be six bridesmaids, all in pin chiffon cloth and hats covered with roses and plumes. The maid of honor is a sister of the groom, and wears a dress of pink pompadour silk. Miss Kathleen Taylor-Massey, being a Toronto girl, a sister of the sweet young matron, Mrs. Ross Good, has many friends here, and at least one of her attendants is from Toronto. Some eight hundred guests are asked to the reception this afternoon, and quite a contingent from Toronto will be there.

Closeburn was aglow with lights, and its mistress, although still somewhat suffering from a disabled knee, forgot everything but how to be gracious and winning to the shoals of callers who hastened to pay their respects on Wednesday. Lady Kirkpatrick wore a flowered black *organdie de soie* over pale pink, and Miss Kirkpatrick assisted in welcoming the visitors. The beauty of the roses, pink and red, which, with carnations and ferns, added to the charm of the spacious salon, the stunning gowns of the women and the touch of sparkle and glow from the clear bright air outside made Closeburn a picture on Wednesday. Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick is down for a short visit home from Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Rogers are to come to Toronto, much to the regret of their Hamilton friends, with whom they have been extra popular. Mr. Rogers has purchased the charming residence in Deer Park built by Mr. Fisker I think, and afterwards occupied by Mr. and Mrs. George Mackenzie. It is a home capable of the nicest development and has grounds attached. Mrs. Rogers who is very successful such development, will doubtless make it as popular as her *biu* place in Hamilton, where a record of quiet but excellent entertaining has been established. The Rogers and their little son will be here about the first of December.

Mrs. Ellwood Moore held her first reception in her home in Elm avenue Rosedale, on Monday, when a great many friends called. This very complete and dainty house was Mrs. Reynolds' marriage gift to her only

child, and is all that a bride's home should be. Mrs. Moore received her wedding gown, which was much admired at the marriage, and Mrs. Reynolds was in the drawing room in a dainty violet gown and large black hat. There were heaps of flowers everywhere, 'mums standing stately on every hand. In the tea-room the bridesmaids looked after the guests. Mrs. Moore (*mere*) and Mrs. R. S. Williams (*grand mere*) were among the callers on their pretty little matron, who has always been noted for a certain quaint dignity and an uncommon type beauty, suggesting some lady of olden times.

The coming out of Miss Somerville of Atherley was the occasion of a very sumptuous reception at the family residence on Friday of last week. The arrangements of the drawing-rooms, hall, dining-room and conservatory are such that a crowd of "move on" from one delightful spot to the next, sure of added pleasure and comfort. The hostess and the *débutante* stood in the reception room, and rarely have a handsome mother and daughter greeted admiring friends. Mrs. Somerville wore shell pink satin chiffon, with a sash of deep fall of Brussels lace on the bodice and fine diamonds twinkling in the glow of light which flooded the lofty room. Miss Evelyn, the softest white satin, with guimpe of exquisite lace, a gown fit for a bride, and trimmed with small wreaths of white roses set in *coquilles* of lace and tulle, wore an airy little crownlet of white heather in her soft brown hair, and her guimpe was outlined with the tiny white roses. She carried an armful of Beauty roses, their deep tint relieving the white of her gown, and it is not flattery to say she was quite lovely. Tea (which means all sorts of temptations to ruin one's dinner) was served from a flower-decorated table in the dining room, and a fascinating bevy of *débutantes* were kept busy with some of their more experienced sisters, looking after the hundreds of ladies. There was one man guest, who was always the center of a merry clique of the prettiest and most mischievous of last and this year's *débutantes*, and had the time of his life. That he was an out-of-town hero, who seemed perfectly sincere in declaring he wouldn't have missed the afternoon for anything, rendered him more popular than chaffed than ever. Miss Somerville did not display the tribute of flower sent her by friends, in the reception room, but their presence was sweetly evident all over the bright house, in addition to others used in decoration. Miss Jean Alexander returned the good offices of Miss Somerville, who assisted at Bon Accord, by a like service for her friend at Atherley. Mrs. Walker (*nee* Somerville) was in white, with lace and touches of fur on the bodice. I hear she is to rejoin her husband in Chicago at once, with her very bright and winning baby girl.

Miss Joan Arnoldi is visiting in St. Paul, Minn., and Miss Elmsley is also going West for a short visit, both to return about December 1st.

Miss Arnoldi for her uncle, Mr. Bert Fauquier's marriage.

Mrs. Herbert Greene gave a pleasant afternoon bridge one day early in the week.

Last Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Frank Denton introduced her daughter, Joy, at a pretty tea, which was attended by several hundred friends. The *débutante* looked charming in a gown of white *crêpe de Chine* with lace yoke and carried a bouquet of violets and lilies of the valley, while the drawing-room was fragrant with the floral gifts bestowed upon the modern *débutante*. Mrs. Charles Hudson was in charge of the tea-room, with Miss Annie McLean, Miss Katie Taylor, Miss Rita Ellis, Miss Aileen Larkin, Miss Sydney Bentley, Miss Edna Alexander, Miss Lily Dutton and Miss Laura Dutton assisting. The table was radiant with rose-shaded candles and clusters of pink roses. Those present included Mrs. Kemp, Miss Mabel Ross, Mrs. Frank Cochrane, Mrs. Herbert Dunn, Mrs. R. S. Williams, Mrs. C. H. Mortimer, Mrs. Sweetnam, Mrs. L. L. Palmer, Mrs. M. Vokes, Mrs. Andrew Dods, Mrs. Cromarty, Mrs. I. W. Leonard, Mrs. Arnold W. Thomas, Mrs. Herbert Denton, Mrs. Frank Ford, Mrs. F. N. G. Starr, Miss Silverthorne, Mrs. J. M. Gibson (Hamilton), Mrs. W. C. Hawkins, Mrs. Harry Bentley. Many gentlemen, including His Honor Judge Leask and Mr. E. R. Cameron, K.C., of Ottawa, called during the afternoon and offered their congratulations to the *débutante*.

The following gentlemen had the honor of being invited to dine at Government House on the King's birthday: The Honorable the Premier of Ontario, Right Honorable General Lord Aylmer, Honorable Chief Justice Moss, Honorable Chancellor Sir J. A. Boyd, Honorable Chief Justice Falconbridge, Honorable Chief Justice Sir W. Meredith, Honorable Chief Justice Sir W. Mulock, Honorable Judge Hodgins, His Honor Judge Winchester, His Honor Judge Morgan, Senator Melvin-Tones, Senator Kerr of Rathnelly, General Otter, C.B., Colonel Lessard, C.B., Mr. Claude Macdonell, M.P., Honorable I. W. St. John, Rev. Chancellor Burwash, Honorable W. J. Hanna, Honorable R. A. Pyne, Principal London, Honorable N. Monteith, Rev. Principal Sheraton, D.D., Hon. Dr. Willoughby, Dr. R. A. Reeve, Rev. Principal MacLaren, D.D., Honorable I. S. Hendrie, Lieutenant-Colonel Stimson, Honorable Adam Reck, Principal Hutton, Rev. Provost Macklem, D.D., Honorable I. F. Fox, K.C., Sheriff Mowat, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Mill Pellatt, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, Honorable I. Cochrane, Honorable R.C. Smith, Hon. Dr. Reame, Mr. Aemilius Irvine, K.C., Brigadier John I. Davidson, Lieutenant-Colonel Galloway, His Worship the Mayor, Honorable Adam Brown, Mr. T. C. Patterson, Captain I. Fraser Macdonald, Lieutenant Douglas Young, Mr. Rudolf Ruth, who has been for years teaching and taking the highest courses in the Berlin Musical College, which he completed this summer, is now in New York, having exchanged classes with a fellow professor who desired a year in Berlin. Herr Ruth is very busy, but may later on give a recital here, where his 'cello and piano playing are remembered.

Talking of these musicians reminds me that a very promising quartette for chamber music is now formed and practising, under the name of "The Toronto Chamber Music Players," and I hear a concert will be given by them about the middle of next month, when Schumann, Raff and Grieg will be interpreted. The quartette is composed of Francis Gratton, first violin; Horace C. Corner, second violin; August Anderson, alto, and Frederic Nicolai, 'cello.

A very modest foreword of this quartette's end and aim, Dr. Nicolai says: "Without presuming to become Kneisel quartette, we will try to give to Toronto a quartette inspired with a hearty desire to play chamber music as well as we possibly can." Mr. Harry Field is taking an interest in the success of the quartette and should be supported readily by cultured musicians.

Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson lectured this week in Massey Hall, too late for criticism. Last Friday Jerome K. Jerome essayed to interest a big audience by means of a faulty voice and several thrice-told tales. One or two oases of foreshortened discourse, but extracts from books most of us have read, recited in tones utterly inaudible except in certain parts of the house sent the audience and hearers home often in some wonderment at "what went we out to hear?" Hobson has no vocal lack, and by all accounts his lecture is admirable. A comic rhymster said: "The man who sank the Merrimack is the man the girls all want to smack," and fine fellow he is.

The engagement is announced to Miss Annie (Dolly) Newman of Hamilton to Mr. William Allan Fleming of Portage la Prairie, Man. The marriage will take place on Monday, November 14th.

A pretty wedding took place last Tuesday afternoon at St. Stephen's Church, when Miss Caroline Grace Gagen, daughter of Mr. Robert F. Gagen, was married to Mr. Harry Rust. The wedding was quite quiet only a small number of the relative and friends being invited. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Broughall, the church being tastefully decorated with pink carnations and white 'mums and palms. Mr. Leonard Sievert, a young soloist of great promise, sang *Lead us, Heavenly Father, Lead us*, and Mr. E. S. Doward played the wedding march. The bride wore a gown

of Brussels net over cream taffeta, with *panne* velvet and pearl trimmings; the yoke was finely tucked with a bertha of fine lace. The bride wore a coronet of orange blossoms; these typical flowers were also strewn down the veil in a most effective and graceful manner. A large shower bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley completed the costume. Miss Maria Watson was the bridesmaid and wore a gown of cream raw silk, trimmed with lace and touches of pale pink *panne*; her bouquet was of pink carnations tied with white chiffon bows. Mr. E. Stanley Fraser of Niagara Falls was best man, and Mr. Arthur Blanchard, also of the Falls, acted as usher. The groom's gift to the bride was a diamond and sapphire ring, to the bridesmaid an *art nouveau* brooch, set with baroque pearl, and to the best man and usher gold scarf pins. After the ceremony an informal reception was held at the residence of the bride's father. At 5.20 the young couple left for a three weeks' trip to Washington, Virginia Beach and Old Point Comfort. They will afterwards reside at Niagara Falls.

A correspondent writes: "On Monday, the 6th inst., Miss Mary Louise Barker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Barker of Port Hope, who has been residing in Rochester, N.Y., was married to Mr. J. Alva Carveth of Spruce avenue, Balm Beach, Toronto, at the residence of her brother in Rochester. The officiating clergyman was Dr. Albertson of the Central Presbyterian Church. The bride was attended by Miss Lacey of Penn Yan, New York State. She was dressed in a beautiful gown of white silk, carrying a large bridal bouquet. The bridesmaid was dressed in a gown of white *mousseline de soie*, with trimmings of Honiton lace, and both looked sweetly pretty. After a sumptuous wedding breakfast and reception to a large number of friends, the bride and groom left for Atlantic City, Washington and other Eastern cities, and on their return will reside at Balm Beach."

Mrs. James M. Hamilton, 424 Euclid avenue, will receive on the second and fourth Thursdays of the month during the season.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Richard A. Stapells gave a pretty tea in honor of her guest, Miss Margaret Young of Burlington, the prevailing color being a cheery crimson. Miss Young looked very sweet in a white silk gown.

The usage which prevails hereabouts of feting the passing guest has been greatly honored during the visit of Miss Ethel White to Mrs. Kirkland. The handsome girl from Ottawa, who adds to her personal charm the interest attaching to a newly engaged and happy bride-elect, has been well-wished and congratulated by those who best know her *futur*, Mr. Ned Fauquier. Mrs. Arnoldi, Mr. Fauquier's sister, gave a girls' tea, to which some few matrons were asked also, on Monday afternoon in honor of Miss White, at which the latter looked stunning in a bright blue costume and hat *en suite*; Miss Marjorie Arnoldi and a bevy of girl friends, among them Miss Maisie Tyrrell, Miss Naomi Temple and Miss Lillian Whitney, the latter a pretty *débutante*, daughter of Mrs. Clarence Whitney. The hostess and her daughter both wore white gowns, and among the guests were Mrs. and the Misses Hodgins of Bloor street, Mrs. Egerton and the Misses Ryerson, Mrs. and Miss Hagarty, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. and Miss Patti Warren, Miss Tate, Mrs. McMurrich, Miss Rutherford, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Cassels, Mrs. and Miss Hilda Reid, the Misses Morrison, the Misses Elmsley, the Misses Nordheimer, Mrs. J. B. Maclean, Mrs. Charlie Temple, the Misses Sprague.

The first reception at Government House this season was a scene of great brilliancy and the remark of a visitor in town of much ability to criticize and remark such development, that the young matrons of Toronto were dressed better this season than ever before, was amply justified by the beauty of the *mise en scène* when the reception was in full swing. A perfect galaxy of radiant faces waving plumes, shimmering satin and glowing velvet, with here and there the sombre garb of a man to act as foil to all the feminine frills and furbelows, filled the big tea room, where the long tables were crowned with lovely flowers and set with dainties for such as could get at them in the crowd. Among those who called on Thursday were Lady Kirkpatrick, who looked so well that her recent illness seems a fiction. Mrs. Molson Macpherson, who was the center of a little circle, from which I heard snatches of talk about the Cumberland-Wotherspoon wedding, the groom being a nephew of that popular visitor in town. Mrs. Macpherson is now spending a fortnight at the Welland. Mrs. Cowtra-Mulock, in a beautiful white gown and hat, looked very well. Lady Mulock and Mrs. W. Mulock, Mrs. and Miss Whitney, Mrs. Hug Macdonald, Miss Macdonald, with score of *débutantes* (in the wake of proud mothers, and sometime fathers), who were to be seen taking the full flavor of their first visit to the gubernatorial halls.

Two very pretty little ladies from far Tasmania, Mrs. Kermode and her sister, Miss Fawcett, have been at the King Edward for some time, and having some nice letters to people hereabouts have been welcome guests at several smart houses. Before leaving for Ottawa on a visit, the ladies made a graceful acknowledgment of hostilities by giving a charming little tea in the lounge at the King Edward, at which a pleasant coterie of women and a few men enjoyed an

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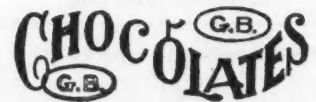
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hour on Monday. Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. VanKoughnet, Dr. George Ryerson, Jr., Mrs. Munro and Mrs. Phillips were some of the guests. After their visit in Ottawa the antipodean sojourners in Canada will return to Toronto, where they have found themselves very happy.

Tourists—Travelers.

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

Births
FULTON—Toronto, November 8, Mrs. James Fulton, a son.
MACINTYRE—Brampton, November 8, Mrs. R. C. MacIntyre, a son.
BURGESS—Bala, Muskoka, November 2, Mrs. Thomas Burgess, a daughter.
DE LA HOOKE—Toronto, October 27, Mrs. E. A. De La Hooke, a daughter.

Marriages
DEAN—MAW—Essex, October 16, Ida Cassels Maw to Percival C. Dean.
MARLATT—RITCHIE—Toronto, November 8, Mary Elizabeth Ritchie to Joseph Wilfrid Marlatt.
BRECKELL—MOORE—Toronto, November 2, Dinta Moore to Walter L. Breckell.
CAMPBELL—BRUELS—Markham, October 25, Florence R. Bruels to Angus Campbell.
CARSON—JARVIS—Morrisburg, November 1, Eva C. Jarvis to Arthur E. Carson.
CARVETH—BARKER—Rochester, November 6, Mary Louise Barker to J. Alva Carveth.

EBERHARD—STEELE—London, England, October 23, Beatrice M. Steele to Rudolph C. Eberhard C.E.
LEASK—MITCHELL—Toronto, November 2, Cecilia Jessie Mitchell to Thomas McCrae Leask, M.B.
MACDONNELL—REEL—Toronto, October 31, Evelyn Nina Reel to William John MacDonnell.
RUST—GAGEN—Toronto, November 7, Caroline Grace Gagen to Henry Preston Rust.

TURNER—SMITH—November 3, Eva Smith to George Turner.

Deaths

CHAPLIN—At his father's residence, St. Catharines, early Monday morning, November 6, 1905, William Colin Graham, only son of J. D. Chaplin, aged 17 years 3 months.
BURTON—Chicago, November 5, John S. Burton.

O'HARA—Potsdam, Jamaica, West Indies, October 28, Walter O'Hara.
ROWNTREE—Toronto, November 8, George Rowntree, aged 62 years.
ALEXANDER—Montreal, November 5, Charles Alexander, aged 89 years.
AUSTIN—Toronto, November 5, Dr. J. H. Austin, aged 34 years.
BENTLEY—Redlands, Cal., November 4, Eliza Bentley.

BRERETON—Toronto, November 3, Lena Beatrice Brereton, aged 20 years.

BRUCE—Toronto, November 6, Thos. Bryce, aged 62 years.

CHARLESWORTH—Toronto, November 3, Mrs. Susan Charlesworth, aged 79 years.

CLARK—Muskoka, November 2, W. A. Clark, aged 42 years.

GROVES—Toronto, November 2, Mrs. W. E. Groves.

HILL—November 5, Alexander Hill.

HOLMES—Toronto, November 4, James V. Holmes.

MIDFORD—Toronto, November 4, John B. Midford, B.Sc., M.D., C.M., aged 58 years.

MILLIGAN—Toronto, November 7, May Milligan, aged 19 years.

MCMICHAEL—Toronto, November 5, Reginald N. McMichael, aged 28 years.

STEWART—Toronto, November 7, Mrs. Johanna C. Stewart.

WYATT—Toronto, November 6, Mrs. Elizabeth Townsend Wyatt.

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